

Chase

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W. H. C.

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On board-- The America left Hoboken in a cold driving rain about three in the afternoon, March 11. It has been very rough, at least the steward and a cabin-mate who has crossed 27 times, says, but stewardess says it isn't rough until the ship dips so that the smokestacks take water. The stewardess, from Oregon, is the handsomest thing I ever laid eyes on, tall, splendidly built, with a face and neck as if cut from marble. I would like to stand her in a room alone in the Corcoran Art Gallery with the wall draped with black velvet. Did I ever say that sickness did not interfere with my enjoyment of beauty--I have a sort of recollection of some such irony. That heaving water--wough, I can't see any beauty in it.. It is beginning to look less horrible today, though it is raining hard and the ship is alternately standing on its head and its tail, as it has been doing ever since we got out of Hudson river. I am doing very well for me. I stayed in bed for two days, taking water only, then the nurse came in and gave me a dose that left me shaky, but I ate breakfast the next morning, and have been "taking nourishment" since. The things on the bill of fare are appalling. The waiter suggests kippered herring and things like that. He doesn't seem to think much of my choice of shredded wheat. A German Jewess at table asked him what it was I had. "Nichts," he said. Hark to this! There is a liquor list on the table and everybody but myself is drinking wine and beer. *[American land in prohibition times]* A steward has just gone by (here in the writing room) with zwei bier. Ships owned and managed by a government whose duty it is to enforce the 18th amendment load up with liquor in European ports and begin to sell it when the ship is three miles out from our shore. Here is another queer thing: Everyone belonging to the ship, nearly, doctor, purser, chief steward, dining and cabin stewards, are so Deutsch wie sauerkraut. The captain's name is Rind. Officers have

to be American citizens, I learn. I judge that their naturalization is very recent. Isn't it shocking that the U. S. Shipping Board should trust the lives of American citizens to these terrible "Huns." --on a ship that we swiped from the Germans, too. -----At my table are two German women. I said "Guten Morgen," and we spoke German together until one of them shot off a genuine German sentence two yards long. It punctured my bluff and it dissolved like a soap bubble. It is good practice for me. One is an interesting wizzled up old Jewess with a wonderful appetite. She is always eating when I arrive and I always "entschulden Sie mich" when I leave her, still eating. Her son is a great banker in New York, she tells me. The cooking is perfect. If I can stand it I shall fill up to my limit the last day or two so that I can get along on little when I get to Vienna.-----As usual when I travel I am fleeing from pillar to post to get away from tobacco smoke. I have not taken a deck chair, for I know some one would be sure to smoke to windward of me. I wish some one would invent a smoke consumer for the devotees of tobacco. This is the first time I have had to run away from women smokers. I am before the open door now, to windward of three such, one a mother and daughter who looks about sixteen. I am disgusted. -----One of my cabin-mates is a costume designer, theatrical shows. She isn't at all what my preconceived idea of such a person would be. She is as completely clothed as her choruses are incompletely. She is interesting and kindly and witty. She was born in Vienna, came to America as a child and has crossed 27 times. She said I could practice German on her, so I do. She says I will not understand the Viennese (or Wiener dialect. The other one of us three in this cabin is one of Rubens' women, stepped out of one of his pictures--with not much more on when she is dressed for dinner. She has gorgeous coloring (not put on) but about as much brains as any of Rubens' women must have had. She

is going to join her husband, on business in Europe. On the way she is making conquests of all the men from the captain down. She is delighted at being placed next the captain at table. I surmise the captain told the steward who assigns places to pick him out a good looking. She is the sheltered wife that the American man is so good to ("the American man is so good to his women" we are so often told--the working woman struggling against prejudice and discrimination would never guess it), and she drinks and smokes and gambles, while the designer, who has worked for her living since she was 12 years old is refined and kindly, with human sympathies. She is plotting to smuggle some delicate food to a mother in the third class. She got caught at it one trip, she told me, and "it made an awful row." She is a joy. There is enough wasted at our tables to comfort many a seasick person in third class. ----- This ship is very different from the Porto Rico boat. We embarked upstairs. I forgot we had gone up in the elevator at the pier and when I had to go down two stories to my cabin I thought it was hard luck. This is the saloon deck, I guess, and this is an outside room. (In my wanderings to get away from tobacco smoke I have returned to the cabin. I'm nearly frozen with all my wraps on. The only time I'm warm is in bed or in the cozy writing room--but tobacco is worse than cold to a squeamish stomach. With the smoking room and the decks to smoke in I think they might leave the writing room or some spot unsmoked.-----I asked a sailor if we were likely to see an iceberg. He said he had crossed four times and had not seen one yet. I wanted to see a whale and an iceberg. -----The little paper ship on the chart that shows where we are on the ocean is only about half way across. I wish that some of these land bridges that Lyall, the elder Hooker, and the other scientists of Darwin's time, used to hypothecate, were left, so that a weak-stomached person like myself could walk across. I am awfully glad I am going to Europe, but I would never go to sea for the pleasure of it.

Sunday morning.--I can see the beauty of the water now. It is cloudy and the sea is pale gray-green. Yesterday with the sun shining it was like obsidian strewn with narrow snow drifts on the higher waves. Even the infinite number of little wavelets on the surface suggested the cleavage of obsidian.--- -- Gulls have been in sight every day, following and feeding on the waste. Where do they sleep? I have found a little sheltered cubby-hole on the top deck (don't you admire my nautical terminology?) away from tobacco for the moment. I go around with a handkerchief full of smelling salts as a gas mask to breathe through. If it was "highly desirable" that my "radical tendencies" should abate I should have been shipped abroad with eyes and ears sealed. (My nose would not detect a woman's smoke from a man's.) When one of the working class comes in contact with the rich he (she especially) is supposed to be impressed. Well, I am impressed --with the vulgarity of it all. I have laughed over cartoons in the Liberator, taking them for prodigious exaggerations, but they are underdrawn rather than overdrawn. My Rubens cabin mate could pose for a cartoon of the American Bourgeoise woman. The first day she was gushing over her eagerness to join her husband, now she is sorry the voyage is nearly over--came in to dress last night for dinner exulting and giggling, telling us that sundry young men threatened to ^{throw} a monkey wrench into the engine to keep the ship from making land for several days, the captain said they would have to guard the engine room--and so on, more sickening than the heaving water. To their silly half-soused brains I suppose that passes for brilliant wit. The other night this Bourgeoise laughed over her losses at bridge--"I lost five dollahs, girls, but I had a lovely time,--what's five dollahs!" The designer relieved my feelings by saying "If you had to earn it you would know what it is." My thought was that the \$5 she gambled away so lightly her husband (in the clothing business) had made out of the labor of

women vastly her superiors. "American men are so good to their women" this is the kind of women they are good to--parasitic females, as Olive Schreiner calls them--living in a hotel, married 12 years and "no children, thank heaven," she said (I say thank heaven, too, that she isn't propagating her kind), covered with jewels and about one-quarter covered with costly frail gowns, a dozen different ones so far, drinking, smoking, flirting, gambling, the "typical New Yorker" (rich implied) the designer said she is, though she was born and grew up in my own Chicago. For decent company I'd choose third class. There are a few well-bred women on board, but over half are living cartoons. The "peach" that "Jiggs" is always trying to make up to in the funny pictures is here in the flesh, exactly. I looked around for Jiggs but do not see him, but "Maggie" is here, lots of her. The designer talks to me in German to help me. She corrects my tenses and rearranges my verbs at the end. She has been in Europe so often that she is giving me ^a useful information--advised me to travel second class, which I meant to, anyway. She advises me to put down all that medicine, glycerine, etc. for the Hackels and others, for "personal use," since I am not going to sell it, but give it away. She said something that has been the greatest comfort to me: "I am glad that an American like you is going to Europe. That (nodding at the Rubens woman's bed) is the sort of American they are used to." It is a great strain on one's self-confidence to be always on the unpopular side, as seems to be my fate, to be called a "Calamity Jane" because I cannot but see below the surface, always being advised, tactfully and untactfully, to be "like other people". So when one of Mme. Haverstick's wide experience said that to me it was mighty comforting. She very tactfully suggested to our Bourgeoise cabin mate that she wear the plainest clothes she has and put away her jewelry while in France. "They have suffered so terribly, you can't blame them for feeling

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bitter, she said. "Have they re-al-ly suffered?" drawled the Bourgeoise, while little tingles ran to my finger ends. I can understand, physically as well as mentally, why they beheaded that poor fool, Marie Antoinette. And I am queer and a "Calamity Jane" because I want a new structure built before the present structure of society smashes through in blood and terror. People who are demanding a new bridge over Rock Creek gorge before the present one goes down with loss of life are the same sort, but they are not regarded as dangerous citizens.-----Well,--that doesn't look as if my "radical tendencies" were abating-- so much for the effect of a close-up view of the Bourgeoise.-----We reach Plymouth early tomorrow morning. We were due tonight, but bad weather has delayed the ship. Cherbourg is 6 hours later. Went I be glad to get firm land beneath my feet! Nine days of perpetual roller-coaster has given me plenty of sea for a while. I have enjoyed the last two or three days, though, going round and round the deck or standing up on the top one. I would like to besprinkle my letter with "port," "aft," hurricane deck," "bridge," "fo'castle," and the like, but you know the nautical terms and my bluff wouldn't work. -----I have read all the Nations and New Republics I brought with me, but I have not read any French or German as I planned to. That takes a brain undizzied by a life on the ocean wave. Here is a joke. I brought with me a small leaflet that I have had some time. Every student taking social science has to read it some time, because of its importance in the history of social movements. But it is so hated by our present-day 100 % patrioteers that it is hardly safe to be caught with a copy. This occurred to me when I got it out to read on board ship, so I slipped it into "Fiscal Regulations," and thus camouflaged I read it safely; then, to avoid having it found in my baggage, I mailed it to a friend, who I knew would enjoy the joke. The name of this dreadful thing? Mark's "Manifesto."

March 21, On the Orient Express in Gare L'Est, leaving in an hour for Vienna.----- You see I got this train on time. Here you wait in the train instead of in a waiting room.-----It was raining again when I was transferred to the lighter at Cherbourg. It was very easy going through the custom house. A Cook man, directed me where to get money changed, how to get to the station, etc. It was too late to get to Paris in time for the train for the East that night, unfortunately, we were due at Cherbourg early in the morning, but it was after three in the afternoon. -----The journey through Normandy was beautiful. The country is something like northern Illinois, but many times wetter. There were the same flooded prairies and muddy barnyards I have seen in Illinois in early spring, but the part of the landscape due to man was very different. The low stone houses with tiled roofs covered with moss, the walled gardens with trees trained on the walls, and especially the trees pruned to a single stem, now bearing new twigs and delicate spring foliage their entire length formed pictures very different from anything I had ever seen. The orchard trees were covered with lichens and there was ivy everywhere. Many places looked like living Corot pictures. It was raining, but the rain seemed to belong to that kind of landscape and only added to the beauty. It was dark all too soon.-----It was about midnight when we reached Paris. There was no Cook man at the train, so a woman who had been on the America and was on the train suggested we get a room at a hotel together to make it cheaper. She was a buyer for wholesale houses and knew Paris. She had talked to me a lot about the Lord, when I wanted my mind free to enjoy lovely Normandy, and she had a book the title of which was French for Science and Health, so I dreaded being bored, But I acceded, and we got a room at --hold your breath--Le Grand Hotel on Place de l'Opera, just the way they do in the Berlitz books we studied. It was \$5 for the two of us, so it wasn't quite so terrible as I feared.

When I came out this morning I wanted to jump and run to think I was actually here, on my way to see all those types. At about the first street crossing I involuntarily did it--and recalled that I had read that the only traffic rules in Europe were "Drive like ---- and heaven help the man who can't jump." There is only one train a day for Vienna, the shorter way, through Germany, the Orient Express. I got the ticket of Cook. There is no second class on the Express, so I had to take first--610 francs (including sleeper); 11 francs for \$1, so that is over \$55--horrors.-----Having from that time, about 9, till 5:30 in Paris, I took a Cook sight-seeing automobile around the city. I had seen the Madeline when looking for Cook's. It is really beautiful, it gives one real thrills. But the rest of Paris did not impress me except with the idea that it is having delirium tremens. It is one blare of screaming advertising, worse than New York or Chicago, even. The play bills before the Movie theaters are more vulgar and indecent than they are with us, too, which are certainly bad enough. When we--The sight seeing bus took us on a pilgrimage to everything connected with Napoleon. It seems to me that Paris is on its knees before Napoleon. The "barker" was full of the "victoir" also, and dragged in the war everywhere. I was both amused and indignant at the insult to our (or My) intelligence when the fellow told us that when the Germans were shooting at Paris with their long-range guns they aimed at the Madelaine, but the only damage they did was to knock the head off one saint. There was the headless saint, sure enough, but he stood away back under the deep portico, and not a mark on the portico or on the church. It couldn't possibly have been hit without a hole through the roof of the portico, unless it was shot from below. Even our baseball pitchers could hardly make a projectile swoop down under a portico then up again and knock the head off a saint. Moreover the broken neck was black--it was no new break. The "barker" spoke English (pretty poor, but mostly understandable) so we must have been

mostly Americans. We must have a reputation for gullibility. -----At the Trocadero I ran down into the garden while the rest were buying postals and lunching. The lawn is as badly mixed as ours in Washington: *Poa pratensis* with patches of *P. annua*, *Agrostis* sp. (creeping bent?) and what I think is *Festuca heterophylla*. Only *P. annua* is in bloom. I saw a Japanese *Magnolia* in full bloom (inspite of the cold and a flurry of snow), lots of *Forsythia*, and one *Magnolia grandiflora*. Most of the trees I do not recognize, except one that looks like our sycamore, and must be the plane tree. ----- We were taken to a great panorama called the "Victoire." It was an apotheosis of victorious war. The armies of each nation of the Allies were grouped about their rulers (I mean rulers, not leaders, for rulers they were). If Woodrow Wilson's portrait is a fair sample the portraits are wonderfully good likenesses. I thought of the dead, the blinded and the cripples that the painter forgot, the hatred and the profits of the war, and turned my back and walked down stairs. There, in an obscure place not visible from the platform whence the panorama is viewed, was the one honest thing in the picture: a woman's figure in rusty black, utter heart-break and desolation in every line, bowed before the tomb of the unknown dead. That is the "victory" of war. I do not know who the artist is, but I rejoiced that even if he did paint for a price he did not entirely sell himself, but put in one bit of sincerity. The workmanship, entirely aside from the sentiment (or propaganda) seemed to me marvelous.-----We were taken across the river and by the Louvre, and looked down the Champs d'Elysees, and saw various arches and columns, all glorifying war, or Napoleon, mostly both. The buildings are largely in the style of our War, State and Navy building (that is, I see our building is modeled after the French). They are too fussy and too full of trimming to be pleasing--such ornateness would

become tiresome, I should think.-----Getting back to the starting point about 1 o'clock, I went into the Madeline, and inadvertently attended somebody's wedding. The priest preached for nearly half an hour at the pair, seated before him in the chancel. While the glorious organ played I noticed people getting out their purses, so I did too. (There were plenty like me, not guests, in the back of the church.) Along came a little flower girl attended by a boy in Eton jacket, taking up a collection in a tiny flower-trimmed basket. I gave a franc. A minute later came a bridesmaid (or a girl dressed like one) and an escort, passing another basket. I was so flabbergasted I couldn't get my purse out in time. Then came a third pair. I thought if it was a habit I might as well quit, anyway. But there were only the three pairs. People seemed to give a small coin to each--at least I saw coins with holes in, and these are centimes, 5

and 10. At the head of this procession of collectors marched a man in red velvet and gold trimmings, with a big gold stick and a Napoleonic gold-trimmed hat on his head! The girls and their escorts looked as if they were going through the figures of a fancy dance. I hope I can see the Madeline when nothing is going on, when I come back. The staginess of that performance did not fit that beautiful place.

-----Nobody understands my French. I say it so carefully, and am met with a blank stare. I don't try it until English has failed. This afternoon, before train time, I saw an inviting little bakery with little tables and some short-skirted girls with 3-lobed heads so like Washington or New York I thought they must speak English. None did, but one understood "cafe." "Cafe au lait?" I said "Oui, cafe au lait y pain." She looked bewildered. I tried pang, pan, and every shade between, but she only stared, so I went over and pointed to some rolls and held up two fingers. Thus I got my supper.

(1 franc, 50 centimes, less than 15 cents.) Mark Twain was right,

the French do not understand their own language.----- Spilled up on

on board the last two days, and have had only a little bread and coffee since and do not feel hungry.-----I wired Frau Schneider. Oh, but it will be a comfort to hear Deutsch again.

In Oesterreich, zwischen Salzburg und Linz, Marz 22.-----The train is stopped for a while and I have admired the picturesque dorfehen (seems to be a woodyard) which shuts out a wider view. It was so late when we left Paris that I did not see much of France east of Paris. The trees were not pruned as they are in Normandy, so I could guess a few of them, I think. This first-class compartment I share with an aged French woman of mountainous proportions. I am squeezed into about 12 inches by the window, while she sits with her legs stretched out on the seat (as if on a day-bed) with her feet against me. She is arrayed in satin and diamonds, so of course her manners must be perfect, and it does me proud to have her wipe her feet on me. It is dreadfully cold, and I have my cloak on and everything else I possess under it. Her daughter, baby, and nurse occupy the next compartment. When the fat woman does not have her feet on the seat the whole family are in this compartment. The baby is a perfect darling, and the nurse, about as old as the grandmother but thin and active is picturesque. The young mother is also richly dressed in what I should take for evening clothes, low-necked and quite sleeveless--when she lays aside her fur coat. They are going to Prague. They asked me something in French and in my effort to reply I let slip a word of German. The grandmother asked if I was Allemande. I hastened to assure her I wasn't, but only Americaine. My first sight of the terrible Huns was about midnight, when we crossed the frontier. I handed down my passport from the upper berth. The berths are spoon-shaped. I kept waking with a crick in my neck every little while.-----With my map of Europe in my hand I can keep track of where we are, so I recognized the green, not blue, Danube, the calm, not rapidly rolling, Isar, and

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the lovely Inn. The Inn suggested parts of the upper Potomac, but not so wild and rocky. I begin to recognize some of the trees now, hemlocks, birches, small oaks, (leaves still clinging), alders(?) with millions of catkins swinging, and little willows with fat pussies. The terraced fields of the Rhine valley looked like shingles, they were so small and evenly laid. There is such a neatness about Germany. For hours it was a succession of little factory towns (as it is coming across northern Ohio) but the factories and surroundings were all so neat and tidy, and the houses so prim. I saw none of the dirty squalor we always see from trains in our little factory towns. There are garden patches between railroad tracks, and everything seems to be either, gravelled, flagged, or cultivated, poor picking for a botanist, probably, but it looks so neat and trim.-----At the custom house at Salzburg they were curious about my abundance of envelopes and the various manuscripts. "Warum so viel Korrespondenz?" the man asked. "Sie sind nicht fur Briefen, sondern fur kleine Exemplaren von Pflanzen." I told him. I had practiced saying "Ich reise nach Wien, Botanik zum studieren," so I said that glibly. They did not ask about the medicines. Only hand baggage was examined.-----It is raining again; it snowed for a while in Germany, about Munich. Along the railway embankments in Normandy I saw pale yellow primroses in thousands, and what looked like *Caltha palustris* in ditch borders. So many places were just right for skunk cabbage I half kept an eye out for the little twisted hoods. Is it American only? There was a shrub with short needle-like crowded leaves (held over winter I judge) and clusters of gold-yellow sessile flowers. Gorse, I wonder? In Germany I saw no primroses (spring is less advanced), but there is a little yellow flower in bunches (Crucifer?), and snowdrops growing on the railway embankment. There was a little slender leafless shrub with covered with tiny purplish-pink flowers. I saw *Cornus mas* in bloom, too.

In the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube the mountains are rounded and densely wooded--it suggested western Maryland, along the B. & O. -----I got a breakfast of bread and coffee on the train this morning, paying for it in French money. This evening I got dinner (in Austria) and the bill was between 4 and 5 thousand krenen. I was scared, but began to get out American money. The waiter took one dol. and brought me back a lot of paper money. I was so relieved I gave him a hundred krenen. When I tried to figure out the problem afterward I was chagrined to find I had tipped him less than a cent! As near as I can make out my dinner was about 60 or 70 cents, and some 10 cents of that was for water.-----At the Schneider's, Thursday. The train was over two hours late in reaching Wien. There was no one at the station with an American flag, so I concluded that Frau Schneider, learning the train was late, had gone home like a sensible woman. I took a cab to a hotel, cold as Greenland, of course, and saw my first evidence of poverty, the clean sheets were a mass of patches and darns. You do not see poverty on first-class trains. The fat-faced men were drinking and smoking as they do everywhere. I got my trunk in the morning (there was no trouble about examining ⁱⁿ it. I repeated my "Ich gehe nach Wien!" etc.) I took a taxi to Frau Schneider. I never had so hearty a welcome in my life. The dienst-mädchen gave a joyous squeal when I said I was Frau Chase, and she poured forth a volume of German from which I gathered that they thought something had gone amiss. The telegram I wrote in English had been put into German and the p. m. left off, also March 22. I dated the telegram March 21, so that is the date they thought I was to arrive, though it came on the 22nd. Frau Schneider went to the station (as if I would be left there until called for) and was apparently very anxious to know what had become of me. She is ever so kind and nice. You would laugh to hear the double-barrelled lecture I got (while I was having

coffee and bread) from Frau Schneider and her sister. They warned me to hang onto my money (a notorious tight-wad like me!). Of course I didn't understand half they said, but I got the general argument: It is better to buy shoes and clothes for children than to give to parents who "immer essen und trinken." I have wondered ever since I landed how impoverished France, Germany and Austria can support so many places with bottles--everywhere--more than the saloons we used to have. Not a word but German do I hear. I suppose my German is something awful, but they politely keep their faces straight--and they understand,--they certainly are bright. Frau Schneider went with me to the Museum and Dr. Zahlbruckner and the others also greeted me most kindly. Not a word of English at the Museum, either. Dr. Z. has received all my letters. (You know I was worried for fear he had not received the one with \$5 inresponse to that appeal for relief.) The boxes I sent through the Royal Mail came only a few days ago--the ham completely spoiled--I sent it before Christmas. The box had been opened and the Christmas pudding, and perhaps other things, stolen. No more Royal Mail for me. The boxes from New York, bought for me by Mrs. Ferguson (to which they added about \$10 worth) came all right by Royal Mail. The Central Relief boxes came safe, also. They are most appreciative of American help. They keep on working under such hard conditions.----Continued. I was too sleepy to finish last night -----I slept under a feather bed. It is simply heavenly. I am frozen to the marrow all the time. But I "lie like a gentleman" and vow "Es ist mir sehr angenehm." The sheets were like ice and I dreaded getting into them, but that blessed feather bed warmed my cold carcass in a few minutes. It was the first time I've been warm since I landed. The Orient Express, which cost such a staggering sum, was not heated.----I have begun on Hackel's herbarium and finished through Saccharum. Dr. Zahlbruckner gave me a key to the building, so I can

go early and stay late. He told me that I might take pieces. He came around while I was in Dimeria. I showed him a piece I had just taken. He told me to take an entire plant when it could be spared without spoiling the specimen. You can imagine how I enjoyed myself. That mss list works beautifully. Miss Hiles' work is a wonderful time-saver. I underscore in red the words ~~on-the-label~~ that agree exactly with the data on the label, add any other data, and then have room for notes. The mss list is numbered and I give the specimen or packet the number in the list and can write labels when I get back.-----I lost my way coming home last night and asked several people the way. When I could not understand the answer I said "dankeschön" and went on and thanked some one else. I worked till nearly 6, so it was dark before I reached home. Tonight I got astray again--you have to go around several public buildings that block the way (like our treasury). I asked a young Fräulein "Wo ist Josefstätlerstrasse?" and she said "Do you speak English?" It was pretty Dutchy, but it sounded so good. She was going that way and we walked together. She had studied English but had had no chance to use it. Frau Schneider's brother speaks a very little English and dear little Verna can say "How do you do?" and "Good night, sleep well." -----I got to the end of Rottboellia today. I use a copy of Hackel's Andropogoneae, besides the mss list. There are a lot of ined. names, and some varieties are not referred now as they were originally published (as they are on the mss list.) I have not finished 3 cases yet and there are 39, besides a table piled high with Hackel grasses not distributed, and sorted into genera only. In the duplicates Dr. Z. wrote about there are few Hackel grasses he says. We can have a set of the duplicates, but I am ^{going} through the herbarium itself first. Many of Hackel's types are in the Vienna herb. not Hackel herb. This may be the case oftener with Andropogoneae than the rest. Hackel probably worked at this herb. when he lived at St. Polten and was preparing his Monograph. For all Hackel did

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not believe in types he has a lot of other's duplicate types. I am taking notes and fragments of these also. I brought mounting plaster so I can remount some of the places I have to loosen. Tomorrow is a holy day, but I can get in with my key, I can also work Sunday. I worked from 8:30 to 5:45 (no stop at noon). You know how government employes go on these junketing trips to Europe! But I am having the time of my life. (Also it is decidedly pleasant to be popular, and those "grosse Kiste" seem to have made a hit, also the "freundliche Briefen" they say I wrote.) I gave Dr. Z your gift. He will write you darüber. It was embarrassing to listen to his herzlichen Dank, also Dr. Keikler's. Frau Schneider said Dr. Wettstein was worse off than any of the others but nothing would make him complain. I gave her \$5 to give him. She is a lovely woman and is very much my way of thinking in regard to war. She said people thought she was "sehr böse" because she was against the war. Since I was in like disfavor for the same reason you can understand how quickly I fell in love with her.-----

Saturday, 7 a. m.--Waiting for Frühstück. Your gifts of money and mine, and the grosse Kiste of sugar, milk, and so on have not spoiled the chances of getting fragments from Hackel's herbarium. These things were not sent for that purpose, but we are certainly in good favor here. Dr. Z said that they could not buy mounting paper now because it is so very high--(probably in American money not so high as ours!)* You once offered to buy fragments from the Hackel herb if we could not buy the entire herbarium. It would not do to suggest that to Dr. Z (he could not sell fragments any more than we could) but I wonder if some way could not be found to send \$50 or so for mounting paper, as a contribution to science. When I think of our paying \$20 to Gandoger for his miserable mixed up scraps (and then giving him a dollar extra myself because he whined about the cost of postage) it seems so unfair to take such valuable material for nothing when the

wonderful herbarium here is unable to get mounting paper. ^ Of course they have the centuries of American grasses we have distributed, but before I am through I shall have several times as many specimens as we have sent them. Isn't this a beautifully planned herbarium? So clean and light and roomy. It took my preconceived idea of ~~our~~ the superiority of our herbarium (the grass part) down a peg. ---I am writing while eating breakfast of coffee, kornbrot (which is rye bread) cheese (instead of butter) and an egg. Frau. S. once had an American doctor and wife here. She judged my appetite by theirs and gave me enough for three at first. I do not eat with the family. I surmise they do not have egg themselves. I said I only wanted what they had themselves but she has given me meat each night and egg or sausage each morning. It is a comfort that I can leave most of the meat. I eat all the bread I get (though it is awful stuff) and am in no danger of starving. I had a little fire in my room last night. I am fighting off a sore throat, and American money can afford a ~~fe~~ fire. Hot water for washing and fire are kept account of so I can pay for them. I'd have a fire all evening except for the meanness of having comfort while they are shivering and coughing. The krone is 7406 to \$1. The grafter of a hotel keeper gave me 6000 for \$1. (He told me, in pretty good English, that if it wasn't for America they wouldn't be where they are now. He had been in America for some years and had returned, (well off, I judge,) shortly before the war. If he had only stayed in America till now he would be a rich man, he said. He did not seem bitter about it--spoke as if the joke was on him.)-----March 26.--I find your new species of Manisuris from British Guiana in Hackel herb under the name Rottboellia Jenmani, the same collection as yours, I think. Here is a warning specimen from Brazil, found in the indets today, that I think is the same species. I wonder if this will reach you in time to go into the proofs, if my

guess is correct. I got to the herbarium at 8:15 this morning, but ran out of envelopes (have plenty in my room) so quit at 4 p.m., being Sunday. I am in Andropogon Serghum and all its subdivisions. Like lots of other human beings Hackel did not always publish the name he put on the sheet, but there are, so far, very few things that do not come out with perfect certainty. The Serghum gessamtart is not in as good shape as the other things I have been through so far. There are a lot of unpublished Hackel names. I have recorded all these, lost some day a visitor publish them. Heaven send Mez never gets here! I did not finish the fourth case today. It does not look as if I would be through in a month. I am going as rapidly as possible. It is very hard not to stop to look at some of the unfamiliar things. I never realized how poor we are in old world material. I am getting some besides Hackel species. I have a good specimen of Ratzbergia! It has the most impossible inflorescence. I want to diagram it some day. Hackel's species and vars. together number 1178 in the mss book. I am getting many more. The names based on Thwaites' so-and-so not somebody else, which were not listed because based on another type are really Hackel types, since it was err. det. Thwaites. Therefore, I take it, the Thwaites plants, misidentified by Thwaites and renamed by Hackel are the types. There are other cases of the same kind. At the rate I am going I shall have over 1500 from this herb. Han- I hope some way can be devised to send money for mounting paper--not to pay for these priceless specimens. Some of the U. S. things, Androp. Hallii, for one, is not here. I surmise they were sent back and our supposed duplicate type is the type. Dr. Z invited me to the next botan. Sitzung. Of course I accepted with Evergnugen, though I will not understand anything. I marvel at

the politeness of these Wieners, who never take the least notice of the mistakes I make in Deutsch, and at their mental alertness in comprehending me. Dr. Z's Frau has invited me to tea (or bier). Dr. Z asked me if I drank bier oder tee. I'll leave you in suspense as to my answer--like "was it the lady or the tiger."-----Frau Schneider has been building a little fire in the porcelain stove in my room the last three evenings. I It is such a comfort. Of course I pay for it, she keeps account of such things. -----Monday, 7:10, eating breakfast.-- Frau Schneider has invited Dr. Handel-Mazzetti here to abend-brot with me. He was in China with Dr. Schneider. It took me some time to guess that Keena was China! Frau S's brother wrote to these men Dr. Erwin Smith sent money to, and they are to come to the herbarium for it, so I shall get rid of that \$80. They have tag days here, too. I was tagged twice for war orphans. I did not wear the first so a second young one asked me. I gave the gorgeous sum of 100 kronen (about 1½ cents as I can figure it.) Frau S tells me that the Wettsteins are in great want. One son was killed and various calamities have befallen all of them. (I do not understand all the German I hear). Dr. Wettstein is "sehr stolz," but his wife, when Frau S gave \$10 of the botanists' fund to the W's, confessed that they were hungry. I changed the \$5 to a \$10 for him. Frau S gave it as from American friends. The Gary-Winston \$50 Frau S is using for children, buying shoes and clothes.----- Continued Frau Schneider is having the time of her life buying shoes and kleider with the Winston-Gary money. She has been hugged so much she is sore, she says. She comes bubbling in with her story of kinder, schuhe, kleider and distracted mothers relieved. Several little children have been in to see me and to

kiss my hand--it is the custom of the country, disconcerting to a stranger. The poor little things stand up and make little well learned speeches. An occasional one has to turn her eyes to the ceiling to remember the words in which she has so evidently been drilled. There is one family of three children, father killed, mother died later, adopted by uncle. The eldest is a very bright boy but nearly blind. He was treated free, but there was no way to get him glasses--the Winston-Gary money provided them. The uncle and aunt came to say their thanks, and to go through the embarrassing hand-Kissing business. The men all do it, the women say "Ich küsse die Hände," but thank heaven they do not do it.-----Dr. Zahlbruckner showed me two sumptuous works published by the Museum in the '70's or '80's. I enclose titles. The Maximilian Reise nach Brazil is a big quarto, and the Aroides is folio. Both have gorgeous hand-colored plates. Dr. Z says they are sehr selten. They have ten copies left. Dr. Z wishes he could exchange these for things the Museum needs. He particularly wants the Gray Herbarium Species Index up to date. The last received was fascicle 61, before the war. The library has nothing of the American scientific papers since 1914. I told him I would try to make up as complete a set as I could from duplicates when I returned. They have American Journal of Botany. I am proud of our Bot. Soc., for the poor Austrians had no money to pay for it. They lack Botanical Gazette, Torrey Bulletin, Torreya and all the others. It was only the Dept. Agriculture things I said I would try to get for them. The exchange is so cruelly against them that it is out of the question for them to buy

foreign periodicals and books. I have written to Dr. Millspugh about the Maximilian Reise book and Aireidae. I hope that the Field can "exchange" some American money for these books. Dr. Z said "tauschen" not ~~"kaufen"~~ "verkaufen,"--they probably have their own red tape to conform to. ----Another Fedde Repertorium is out with more Mez species. He is invading your Schutzgebiet now, naming Aristidas. Dr. Z has our opinion of Mez. He said it first---I agreed. I have added the American species to my Mez list.-----I am nearly through Andropogonae. I am impressed with the discipline a type concept forces on a systematist. That is an advantage I had not thought of. Hackel evidently got bewildered with his Sorghum and some of the other things he dumped into one species and then divided and subdivided. What is evidently the type specimen will have a different combination of names in Hackel's writing. I have noted down all these things. I wonder if Clements and Hall's scheme for reducing many names to subspecific and varietal rank would not lead to similar confusion. Each name hangs on a whole series of related names.-----I bought a bunch of yellow pansies with pussy-willow background for Frau Schneider's little feast. His Excellenz Prof. Dr. Heinrich Freiherr von Handel-Mazzetti was here to dinner, the first time I have eaten with the family. (The pansies cost 500 kronen, about 8 cents. You couldn't look at a pansy for that in Washington.) Dr. H-M was in China 5 years, returning in 1919. He was in Yunnan and other southwest provinces. He speaks very good English, but the family understand only German, so the conversation was in German mostly. He is very interesting. He has been in Mesopotamia and in Asia Minor. I saw his Asia collections in the herbarium, here. I asked if he collected grasses in China. He did but most of

his collections have not yet arrived. It costs millions in krenen for the carriage, more than his whole 5 years in China cost him. He knew Meyer and Hack. I asked if we could get a set of his grasses. Two sets are promised. It was an inter-institution expedition, I judge, like your British Guiana one. Extra material they will be glad to sell to help pay for shipping the collections. -----Tomorrow night I am to have dinner with the Zahlbruckners. I am eating breakfast. Frau Schneider advised me to get a pair of the big woollen shoes Wieners wear (she shuffles around in them most of the time.) It is so terribly cold at the herbarium. She is going with me this morning on the way down to get them. I am coughing and hoarse and she couldn't be nicer to me if she were my daughter. She brought me hot water to soak my feet and offered me rum--not that my daughter, if I had one, would ever do that. It is snowing--this climate is very like Chicago. I delivered two of Dr. Smith's gifts. Poor Dr. Lafar, shaky and feeble, almost broke down when he saw it was a \$20 bill. He said it was a fortune. He looked as if he needed it, poor man. I have to clench my teeth. I have been doing that ever since the war started, I feel if I ever let go and cried I'd never stop. But the learned speeches of the little children and the gratitude for a little help and understanding nearly breaks me all up. -----April 1.--I spent two days on Paspalum and got several of Mez's as well as Hackel's. Mez had all Paniceae from Wien but it was before they had Hackel. Thank heaven--Gott sei dank, I mean, he did not have the Hackel grasses. Most of the Hackel types of Paspalum are ample enough to spare an entire plant. I had a big surprise to find my Pasp. pyriforme ined. (affine biforme) is Eriochloa castanea Hack. I don't see how

he could have put it into *Eriochloa*. *Pasp. castaneum* has been used, so my name will be tenable, anyway. I had searched South American descriptions of *Pasp* for this, but never thought to look in *Eriochloa*. I am having some surprises, but the most surprising thing is to find how near most of my concepts of Hackel's species are to the reality. I brought with me a few sketches I had made from descriptions long ago in order to get an idea of what the species were like. My sketch of *P. planum* is a pretty good picture of the type. H's descriptions are certainly good. *Axonopus* is included in *Pasp.*, of course. *Pasp scoparium* contains a great jumble according to Hackel, and a bigger jumble according to Mez. I found type coll. of *Pasp iridifolium* Pöpp. (unlike anything we have) referred by Mez to *P. scoparium* and a second specimen, same collection, named *P. iridifolium* by him. I am keeping notes of some of Mez's worst. They will have a sweet time straightening out the herbarium after him. Dr. Z condemns Mez's work most strongly--it is a relief to my feelings. ---Hackel's Glaz-ion material is so abundant that I am getting many collections besides types. There are more South American species than we had any idea of. We have a great many that are not here, too. I am keeping track of the genera wanting here so that we can send them a bit if we have any to spare. It takes lots of time to remount the things I have to loosen. Commonly a bunch of culms or two or more tufts are fastened down together and I must loosen the whole. In remounting I arrange it better, so I leave a better looking specimen than I found, though I have a whole plant. I am not going to get through here in a month. I shall probably never have another chance to work in European herbaria, and it takes so much time and money for the

voyage that I don't want to leave until I get what I came for. They are so good here in allowing me to work Sundays and before and after regular hours, and to bring books home to save time at the herb--I listed Mez's here at night. -----The day I reached Wien I mailed a letter to Prof. Hackel that I had written on the boat, sending \$10 and asking him to have his photo taken for souvenirs for me to take back to agrostological friends. I have a letter from him today. He wishes he had a picture of his younger years, but the negative was given to Dörfler--that is the one we have on the wall, then, for we bought it of Dörfler. Prof Hackel wishes he had that instead of a photo of the "manly ruin" the last eight years have made of him! The Eitelkeit von alle Männer! -----I had abendessen with Zahlbruckners last week. Frau Z is very much younger. She is ever so nice. Dr. Z wishes he could go to America to see Tuckermann's material, though he was careful to explain that they couldn't be actual types, because the material described must have been all dissected up. I agreed, but cited Mez's as examples of bleibende types that it is very necessary to examine because one cannot tell from the descriptions what his plants are. Dr. Z does not believe in types a little bit. As all conversation is in Deutsch Dr. Z has the better of it, for he can reel off yards while I am thinking of one sentence. Naturally I don't try to convince him. There is to be a European botanical conference here next fall, if I understand aright. Dr. Z says that you spoke very good German--he will never say that about me, I am conscious of ^s ^{having} used the wrong gender as soon as I have said anything. -----April 4--Today I made an exchange with Dr. Z on my own responsibility, but the Department

can take over the bargain if it wants to--doesn't have to if it doesn't. I suggested to Dr. Z that we exchange \$100 worth of mounting paper for a set of the museum publications, the Max. Reise and Airoideae books I gave you the titles of. He joyfully accepted and I shall give him the money in the morning with a written statement (copy enclosed). The Dept can have the books for the price. If the Dept. has them or does not want them I guess I can sell them to the Field or to Crerar Library or somewhere else. Anyhow what is not mentioned in the bargain, but what I had chiefly in mind is achieved, something for the poor Vienna herbarium in exchange for the collection I am getting. I shall send the books and grasses by Smithsonian exchange to you when I finish here.-----I have bought a piece of linen (Frau Schneider bought it for me). They wear linen underwear here. It makes me shiver to think of it this weather, but it is so beautiful and must be very comfortable in summer. Frau Schneider and her sister are damen Schneiderinen and I am having a white linen dress made and some other things. Dr. Schneider wrote me after his return to Europe, early in 1919 I think, that they were "relatively well off." Maybe so, or maybe the fall of the German mark (Dr. S works in Berlin) has reduced their means, so far as I can see they are getting along on very little. What they earn in Austrian money will buy so little and I guess there are not foreigners enough to go around. I think my room rent is more than all the rest they get--I pay \$1 a day for room and board. The day I came I paid in advance (my suggestion, I wasn't asked for it). The next day I heard Verna telling someone at the top of her voice that Frau Chase had come and mother had coal bought. Frau S has been so good to me. The cold I was fighting off developed into pleurisy. She went to the doctor with me. (I had surmised I had pleurisy, but he said I had rippenfels and grippe, but the dictionary confirmed my

guess, rippenfels is pleurisy.) I had to stay in bed Saturday and Sunday, while Frau Schneider einwickelt me in cold linen wet with something that froze me solid. I thought it was queer treatment, but it was what the doctor had directed, and it did reduce the fever quickly. No trained nurse could take better of me and she would not take a nurse's pay. She has chronic bronchitis herself and is always coughing. I am having fire in the monumental stove in my room every night now. They make a fire with about two handfuls of coal and the porcelain stove seems to absorb all the heat and keeps the room fairly comfortable all evening. I insisted that she have heat to work by, as well as I at night. I paid for 15000 kronen's worth of coal (kronen now 7300 to \$1), which she says will last as long as they will need heat this spring. Coal comes from Bohemia (Czechoslovakia they call it) with a cruelly high export tariff. If Frau S bought coal herself they would go without eating. She is a most remarkable woman. I am a pacifist, but I doubt if I could endure so cheerfully as she does the hard experience needed to teach people the truth about war. She says she is glad they did not win the war, for if they had they would be wanting more war and more victories. She thinks the victors in a war are the "unglücklich" ones. (I thought of what I saw in my one day in Paris and agree with her, but I did not interrupt her to say so.) She says that now there is food to be had, that it takes everything to buy sufficient food, that when shoes wear out it is a wirklich catastrophe, but that, nevertheless, this is all for the good of her beloved Osterreich, it will make her realize what war is. If only people suffer enough she thinks they will be cured of ever wanting war again. She told me that during the war her

little Verna kept up a continual wail "Mutter, ich habe Hunger!" She says every mother in Austria listened to that cry--all but the wives of officers. She said she had seen soldiers, themselves weak from poor food, sent back to Vienna with heavy sacks of provisions, army officers' provisions, for the officers families. I asked why the soldiers did not themselves eat these provisions. They were always under guard, five or six laden soldiers and a guard with a gun. The same old story (like our drafted men) many cowed by one. (Why men will face death when they are told to but will not face it to free themselves and their comrades is a perpetual riddle to me.) She had seen an officer's wife throw away ham a little tainted when other people would have been only too glad to get it. She told me that as the soldiers came home at the sudden break down at the end of the war, many officers were shot. She seemed to think that needed explanation and excuse and told how soldiers were executed for the smallest things--you could not really blame them, when they had suffered so much. I said I only blamed them for not having done it long before. The common soldiers can put an end to war just that way whenever they will. She fully agreed. When the first regiments marched out of Vienna her brother insisted on taking her over to see them. Everyone was hurrahing ("huzzah" she calls it), but she was heartbroken. A young soldier shook her by the arm and cried "Warum schrien Sie nicht Huzzah?" She said "Du armes Kind, du weis nicht wass ist Krieg." This regiment was sent to the Russian front, and every single man was killed. (I recalled how the Russians had carried all before them in those first days of the war.) The newspapers said that the Deutscher Kaiser said that when the leaves fell the war would be over. Some of the people were shouting this. She called out "When the crown falls the war will be over." Someone shook her and her brother told her to hush--that was all! What

would have happened to anyone in America who dared say anything so seditious during the war!-----Dr. Paulsen of Copenhagen sent food right after the war and the Danish botanists made up a sum together for the Vienna botanists. These were sent to Frau S for distribution. Dr. Wille of Norway sent money once, also. Except for the money sent by Washington botanists that is all she knows about. Frau S seems to be a recognized relief agency--it is odd we should have picked her out, too. Because help has been sent through her she is sometimes appealed to when there is nothing to give, and it wrings her heart, when there are children concerned--she seems to think it isn't such a bad thing for grown people to suffer a bit. She does not think much of Dr. Zahlbruckner because, with all the boxes he received, he did not divide up with Wettstein and Keissler, and Keissler has kinder, too, and Zahlbruckner hasn't. The Zs she says, were very well off and are making a fuss now ^{though} when they have more than most. The night I was at the Zs they spoke of the Czechoslovacks with bitterness. Frau S says Frau Z has an estate there (she is a German of Bohemia) and they used to have an income from it, and had food sent down from the farm. Now the Czechs will not let a landowner carry a potato out of the country! Tough luck! Dr. Z is from Hungary, so the brilliant work of the "peace" conference has cut both off from their homes. They are going up to Frau Z's home over Easter. The only way they can get anything from the farm, if I understand aright, is to go there and eat the produce. Neither money nor food can be taken out of the country. Maybe that isn't such a bad solution of the absentee landlord problem, but I do not suggest that, I look distressed over the baseness of the Czechs. And I have heard dreadful tales of the way they search people at the frontier--I am glad I do not have to go

through Bohemia. Frau Z said they made her take down her hair. Dr. Z is the only one I have met here who yowls about poverty. He is better dressed than anyone else. He said his suit came from America. He seems to have an endless supply of fuel for his pipe, too. I do not begrudge what I have given him, nor, generous soul that I am, what you have given him. It may have had some influence in making him so generous. After exchanging \$100 worth of mounting paper for those books the museum had to dispose of I shall go on joyfully getting specimens of Glazieu, Gerdes, Ule, Mandon, Lechler, and so on. The Vienna herb seems to have been the recipient of any number of private herbaria, so that the same collection is represented sometimes by 4 or 5 specimens. When there are three I get one, when less I can take a plant from the sheet. Wait till you see my harvest.----- I should have told you that the cost of my sickness, doctor's fees (two visits), medicines and all, was 6000 kronen, about 84 cents. If you are going to have a cold come to Vienna if you want it cheap.-----April 9--I am in Stipa now. I feel I am over the crest. I have not gone through half the cases yet, but after leaving Paniceae it goes much faster. I have seen *Odontelyrum* and live, and mine eyes have beheld *Anamochloa*! It looks just like Döll's picture of it. The specimen is in the Hackel herb. from plant cult. at Kew. I came across a queer thing in *Panicum*. After some close examination I realized that I was looking at *Heteranthoea* Stapf. I told Dr. Z, when he came around, that I had found one of the genera the herbarium lacked. I came across a second sheet in *Oplismenus*, both type collection I think.-----You know that *Olyra* *sympodica* Döll, that Döll writes so much about? It has always puzzled me. I could not imagine what the sympodium he described could be. In this herb is a sterile specimen of the Leprieux collection cited by Döll. I fear me it is *Raddia biformis* Chase! I shall see the

type itself in Munich, I hope and see what the "sympodial" inflorescence is. How can one be sure one's new species are new, when authors understand morphology so little as to write wholly misleading things about plants. -----For the last week I have been having a diener get down the plants from the uppermost cases. He takes down a lot at a time (he hands them down to me) and he brings them over by my table on a herb pushcart. (Our new herb cart is to this as is a baby carriage to a motor lorry.) It is a great help, both in time and strength. If you remember the herb here the cases are three high. The topmost pigeon-holes are just my limit from the top of a step-ladder about 10 feet high. The pigeon holes are deeper than oars and the contents are usually more than I can span, wherefore it is a ticklish job to get down the topmost row, and no easier to get it back. I pay the diener 100 kronen a day. When I finished the bottom case today (Sunday) I quit, about 2:30. The diener is always there early, so I can get the upper ones in the morning. The cleanliness of the herbarium and work rooms makes me feel as if we are barbarians. A woman dusts all the floors of the vast herbarium every day. (Imagine that done in our herb!) then she cooks lunch for Dr. Reehinger, the clerk, the diener, mounter and herself. They all seem to have soup at noon. I wish we could import a Wiener diener or dienst frau. -----

Wednesday I went to the BGG-Bot Gesellschaft with Dr. Z. The assembly room is in the bot. institute at the botanical garden of the University, a distance from the museum. We had a few minutes to look about the garden. Not much is in bloom yet. There is a wonderful Ginkgo, like a great old barr-oak. I did not recognize it at first. The meeting was well attended. Of course I could not follow the address. It would probably have

been over my head in any case. It was on the chemistry of ferments and pigments in plants and animals. I met a Dr. Vierhapper, who is interested in grasses. Next day he came to the herbarium and brought his papers, a set for each of us. I took both and said hertzliche Dank. I saw from his paper he was interested in cleistogamy so I asked if he had seen the cleistogenes in *Danthonia*. He hadn't so I got out some American ones and showed him. He was very much interested. I got out *Triplasis*, *Pappophorum Wrightii*, and Muhl. *microsperma* and found the cleistogenes in all first try. It isn't always that things "show off" when you want them to. I said that I had never found cleistogenes in any *Danthonias* outside the U. S. *D. provincialis* is their only species, he said. We got that out and I found well-developed cleistogenes. I was delighted. I put it in a packet and marked the place whence taken. I must have tried this in U.S. herb., for I tried to find if they did not exist elsewhere than in the U.S., when I wrote the last cleistog. paper. (Had cleistog. papers sent to Vierhapper), also Hitchcock's *Genera of Grasses*). He is working on European grasses and anatomy. The order followed in *H Genera* would interest him. He has ideas of his own as to generic relationships. He would put *Sieglingia decumbens* in *Avenaceae*--shouldn't wonder if he is right. All this discussion was entirely in German, if you please! Friday I was called on to act as interpreter! Dr. Keissler brought a man to me and said he couldn't understand any German. I asked hesitatingly "Do you speak English?" "I can't speak anything else," he said. He has collected a great deal in South Africa and wants to exchange for African plants. We got into a funny mix-up when he asked if we would exchange. I told him we would be delighted to and that we had a fine lot of American grasses. He wanted African and seemed surprised that "we should have American duplicates. I suddenly realized that he thought I belonged here. So I interpreted between him and Dr. Keissler. He says that Dr. Stapf will

will not give him the time to name his plants! He is Rev. Something Rogers, no doubt the Rogers Stapf cites occasionally.----Dr. Keissler told me of a fine mycological herb that had just been sold to U.S. "Oh, that is good, dass ist gut," I said before I thought. "Aber nicht gut für uns," he said ruefully. He is a mycologist, so I feel for him. But when they do not believe in types why do they want original specimens? ----I begin to see the end of the work here. It goes much faster now I am past Androp and Paniceae. Yesterday I did a whole tier, 3 cases, but couldn't make another today. I estimate 8 or 9 days more for herb., a day or two for undistributed material (a great lot), then the duplicates to go through, and get everything packed, not over two weeks more. I am going to try to get to Attersee on the 28th or 29th and stay over Sunday.-----I find that all the Hackel grasses were mounted, duplicates, when there were any, and all. The duplicates Dr. Z referred to in his letters are a pile, about what would fill one of our herb cases I think. These are the *ausländer*, herb. Vienna, not Hackel. I told the diener he need not bring me the European duplicates,--these will be largely African I judge. For all they are mounted I am getting a lot of duplicates from the Hackel herb. Some sheets are piled high, plenty to spare, so I unmount, take a specimen and remount. (That sounds as if did work on horseback--but I do do it on the gallop.) It is this mounting that has taken so much time. I am getting a number of Lechler grasses, duplicates of Steudel's types, many of them. To think of these precious things lying here and never used, when we need them so much distresses me. I am getting a number of Pöppig and Mandon, too. I got a good specimen of that *Relchela*, of which I made a drawing for Prof. Piper, when I was artist in his office and which has puzzled me

ever since. The authorities refer it to *Calamagrostis*. It isn't, it is a good genus. I am going to resurrect it. There is a great deal of useless hay here, half a dozen sheets of same thing C. H. V. (cult. hort Vind.) and specimens of common things without data. Except for the Hackel plants (which I should guess would make about 1/4 of the whole) the naming is startling. I have found *Orthocladia* in almost every genus. It was several species of *Panicum*. No one ever seems to have gone over the grasses (exclusive of Hackel herb) and put them in order. Plants have been distributed according to the names on the labels, with the result that there are two to several covers for the same species, sometimes in different genera. Kew index has evidently been relied on, too. I have straightened out a great lot of things but have not had time to do what I would like to. I wish I'd brought the Determined by A.C. slips I meant to bring and then didn't because I thought it would look opinionated. They would have saved lots of time writing A.C. I come across your H occasionally in Hackel plants. Dr. Z told me that it had been the intention to have Prof. Hackel come to Vienna for a year or so at a salary to put the grass herbarium in order while incorporating his grasses in the collection. Then things kept getting worse, until it was hopeless. It was the last of 1915, if I understand aright, that the Hackel grasses were sent to Vienna. I remembered that it was the following year that the Prince Sixtus negotiations took place, looking toward the withdrawal of Austria from the war, which would have brought the end soon. Then Lloyd George and the French threw over the negotiations because they believed (correctly) that U.S. was going in, and they could make a good thing out of prolonging the war. (See Nation for dates, etc., supporting this view) And all that time Woodrow Wilson was winning the election on the slogan "he kept us out of war!") when the Allies acted as if they had inside information that we were going into the war as soon as the election was

safely over. And then having won the election because "he kept us out of war" we let him throw us into war, and when we learned that he lied to us about the Lusitania, that its clearance papers at the port of New York declared it was a munition ship (as Dudley Field Malone, then collector of the port, since admitted), we did not impeach him. It makes me feel that we are "not fit for self government." I made that remark during the last of Wilson's reign in the presence of Dr. Winston and he said "Well, cheer up, we're not getting it!" However, I did not say any of this to Dr. Z. No one I have met has mentioned the fact that we were in the war except that hotel keeper, the night I reached Vienna. All this war patriotism and jingoism has taken all glory out of our flag for me. I thought, but ~~the~~ the first week here, walking to the museum, I saw a little American flag across the street, used as a sign. I crossed over to see what it was. It was "Americanische Kinder Hilfe." I almost hurrahed, there is something of America alive after all. All the nations of Europe mix in America and get along peaceably, and most native-born Americans are a mixture of two or more races. The one thing that U. S., and only U. S., can show the world is that races can quit fighting and live in peace. We could have helped the victims on both sides (as we fed Belgium), we could have stood for peace without conquest. But we let our money-lenders and war profiteers push us into war, pick out our best young men for sacrifice, and did not dare to protest. This kinder hilfe sign did my soul good. I asked Frau Schneider about it. She says that at all the schools (if I understand aright) the little children can get a good mid-day meal free, and that they are provided with shoes and garments in cases of great need. She says that America has done "so viel" for Austria. I hope that will make some of Woodrow Wilson's villainy at Versailles. It is the kindness of the common people to each other, not the conferences

of politicians that will make peace between nations. Dr. Z invited me to the mittagessen that the American Universities (alumni, maybe) provide for Wiener scientists at pre-war prices. They get a good lunch there for a few kronen--less than a cent in American money. I did not take time to go. I do not get mixed up in politics (you remember how I was admonished not to) but I have taken occasion to ~~say~~ call attention to the fact (when I am told how good we have been to Austrians) that the help has come from people like ourselves, people that work, not from the rich, not the ruling class. Quarreling between nations is not due to the common people but to the moneyed ruling classes. In one of the "radical" books I have the author makes the point that education has always been in the control of the ruling class (they provide or handle the money) and necessarily takes a form loyal to that class, wherefore when a crisis comes the educated react according to their training. So we see the educated son of peasants siding with the lords. I thought of that the other day. There was another procession of "Arbeitsloser" (unemployed) to the Rathaus. I had seen one from the museum windows one morning the first week I was here, men and women, a procession two or three blocks long. Dr. Keissler advised me not to work late as usual, but to go home, because there was to be a demonstration of Arbeitsloser that afternoon. I was interested to learn what their ideas were, what they thought their parliament could do under the circumstances; my sympathies were with the arbeitsloser, and I think it is always wise to keep parliaments in mind of the people whose interests they are supposed to maintain a parliament. Keissler evidently thought I meant it otherwise--what ideas could arbeits have, my German isn't quite perfect, probably. He spoke contemptuously of them, he with his broken shoes, frayed, patched clothing, ancient celluloid collar, broken at the top, his unhealthy half-starved look, he, to whom I had sent relief last winter in answer to an appeal to a perfect stranger,

his sympathies were not with his fellow sufferers, but with such ruling class as still exists. He said, in about the tone of a "100%" American telling that there was plenty of rope with which to deal with strikers, that they had taken out the window panes of museum windows overlooking ^{the} proposed demonstration and had mounted machine guns in them. I said nothing because I did not have German enough at my command. And yet Keissler seems a kindly scholarly man--it was a case of the educated reacting according to their training. I did not go home early, and thank heaven the machine guns were not used. The Wieners are so patient under their sufferings. I saw the broken windows of a big restaurant the people had smashed during a bread riot in the winter, Dr. Z. pointed it out the evening we went to the botanical garden. It is only the foreigners here that have money, they can have everything they want. If the starving people did attack the big hotels with their rich foreign guests the world might wake up and realize that men do not starve peaceably. The trouble is these Wieners do starve peaceably. The ruling class is terribly afraid of Bolshvism. If Austria, too desperate to care, showed symptoms of going Bolschvik they might remove some of the tariffs that make it impossible for this crippled country to obtain food. The suffrage struggle taught me that people are not compelled to action by sense of justice, as I used to believe, but only by being made so uncomfortable that they would act as a choice of evils. The drawback is that almost nobody can think how to make the rulers miserable without bloodshed. The oppressed endure until they are desperate and then go to killing. It is only a genius like Alice Paul that can plan and carry on a bloodless warfare. And she never wanted men to join our struggle (except by giving money and supporting us in the press) because men are so likely to resort to bloodshed.

----- I am responsible for what will be an increased gas bill here. The room I work in now adjoins Dr. Z's room and is used by Dr. Reehinger, Fraulein Eckse (herb. clerk) and the man who does recording and the like. This great room, about the size of our three put together, is eingeheizt by a "kleines Ofen," a gas burner about as big as we would use to boil a kettle. Yet this little thing does make an appreciable difference in the temperature. They all quit at 2 o'clock, and I am alone till 5:30 or 5:45. The gas is left burning for me. I turn it off an hour or so before I quit. I would much rather work out in the herb, but the pleurisy has not altogether left me, so I took advice and came into the "heated" room, where with woolen jacket and sweater on top of that I work in comparative warmth. Will you please send Dr. Z \$20 out of my money to reimburse the herbarium for the gas burned on my account, the labels I have used, etc. Please make it sound official.-----I told you I asked Dr. Handel-Mazzetti if he had any grasses from China to exchange or sell. He came in today and said he had taken out the grasses and would like to sell them. The only way they can hope to publish the results of his 5 years' work is through money raised in this way. There are only about 100 he said, he certainly neglected grasses. He was in Yunnan and other parts of China not visited by you. I shall pay him, get a receipted bill, and the herb can buy them or not as it pleases. We shall have the grasses anyway. Dr. Swingle is so interested in China, maybe he will raise the amount. I shall ship them with the collections from here. I am paying 15 cents a sheet. Please don't tell me I am "exceeding my authority" --I never had any authority to buy plants, but if I can find any poor soul who has Lehmann, Stübel, Ule, Glazieu, Weberbauer, or other things we need--grasses, I mean--who wants American dollars for them, I'll buy them too. When one saves for years to go to Europe isn't one supposed to spend money! I am going to try to find out from Hackel how we may become his successors in reee

ceiving grasses from those South Americans, Jürgens and the rest. Sodiro's specimens are miserable, like Brother Claudes, but Jürgens are excellent, so are Bertonis. Sodiro's labels show that he is S.J. (a Jesuit priest). We must try to get an exchange with Univ. of Zurich. Lots of Hackel's African grasses are on their label, and I surmise that some of the missing African types are in Zurich.-----Please send one of my copies of your Genera of Amer Grasses to Dr. Rudolf Wagner, Wien I, Nationalbibliothek. When I get back I am going to get some copies from the Govt Printing office and send them to Europe. They can't buy things in foreign countries with their no-account money. Dr. Wagner is very anxious to get seeds of *Munroa squarrosa* to grow some plants for study. He has found something remarkable in the anatomy of its leaves. I told him that you had rediscr^yibed its inflorescence--it had been misunderstood. That is why I promised him your Genera. ***-- We are going to hear Parsifal Saturday night. I have been reading it in German nights--tough reading. ---I see so many fine things from Buchtien. I am so glad that we have bought his herbarium.-----Easter Sunday.--I did not work today. We all went up the Leopoldberg and Kahlenberg, high hills on the Danube. On clear days I have been seeing the Kahlenberg from the Herbarium windows. *Poa annua* is the only grass out yet. *Forsythia* is just at its best--that will give you a standard to measure by, more than a month later than Washington. This is the first warm day we have had--a glorious day. We left right after breakfast, taking our lunch of rye bread and sausage with us. *Hepatica* (it is different from ours), *Anemone nemorosa*, the little grape hyacinth (forget its name) were out, and numberless *Ranunculus* sp. There was a thorny *Crataegus* not quite in bloom and what I think is wild cherry of some sort on the

steep hillside. We reached the top, it is quite a climb, about noon, and ate our lunch in a bier garden at the summit. Frau Schneider and her brother had bier and Verna and I had some pink soda water. It was my treat, bier and all--this is the way people lose their principles and their morals when they go to Europe. There is a church on top of the hill. We looked in. It is very old, built by one of the emperors after escaping defeat from somebody, I did not understand the German explanation altogether and did not have time to question till I got it straight. It seems to be a sort of automatic self-acting church. There is an altar, but no place for people, and they do not have mass there. It stands up there on the hilltop all by itself. After lunch we went across a valley and up the Kahlenberg. Leopoldberg is mostly covered with oak, this with pines. The view from both summits is glorious. These hills belong to Klosterneuberg--the church there. They are the beloved Wienerwald, where all the Wieners spend their Sundays and holidays. It seemed to me the whole city was out there. It is a very stiff climb up the hill, yet there were old men and women and little children. Everyone, or at least the men, wear a rucksack, carrying their lunch and the family wraps as they shed them on the ascent, as they become heated. These people have a wonderful capacity for enjoyment. They were having such a good time eating their horrible rye bread and a little fat pork rind--yes they eat the rind, I saw them doing it. A family at a table next us was made up of grandparents, parents and two little children, the men with ancient corduroy trousers, the women with handkerchiefs on their heads, evidently very poor, yet they had spent the carfare to get out to the hills this first spring day and were enjoying it immensely. There is such a gallant bravery about these Wieners--to make a gay holiday in the midst of such suffering and anxiety.----Easter seems to be the great holiday of Wien. They give the children presents as we do on Christmas. The Oster Hasse (Easter rabbit) hides the

gifts and the children hunt the house for them. I had bought a little rucksack for Bobby, and Verna's admiration of it suggested what to get for her. I hid it behind the monumental stove in my room and an egg full of candy in a corner. She was delighted and wore her rucksack up the Wienerwald today. I used some of the \$1 bills I brought for Easter gifts to the herbarium people. I wrote "Amer-icanische Grüss" on little envelopes and put a dollar in each and tucked one at each place while they were eating their midday soup. I had filled two eggs (red paper) with candy and put a dollar in each for Keissler's two kinder, but Keissler was not therethat day. The poor frau who cleans the floors was so overwhelmed it was almost too much for me. She told me joyously that it would get something for her bubel (little boy) the dialect of the uneducated Wiener is mostly beyond my understanding, so I did not get most of it. I asked Wie viel Kinder sie hat and she said Zwei. So I gave her the two eggs I had for Keissler's children. She must have had a fit when the children opened them this morning and found those dollars. Being a millionaire and "giving to the poor" isn't such fun as one might think. I grit my teeth till my jaws ache to keep from crying--I need my eyes for my work and can't afford to cry. None of them have ever hinted for money or do any whining. Here am I a foreigner in their land and I can bestow blessings and happiness or withhold them as seemeth to me good--like a bleomin' god--it makes me sick.-----We went to Parsifal last night, my treat.. It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. Here it seems to be regarded as a sort of religious ceremony and is always given Easter eve. The few that clapped after the acts were hushed down. I should think a devout person--maybe I mean devout Puritan--would be shocked at the sight of a stage Holy Grail, glowing red with the Blood of Salvation. Even I was gasped when a stuffed

white pigeon came down on an invisible wire as the Holy Ghost. But I could have stood anything for the sake of the music. The stagecraft was so skillful and so beautiful that it nowhere suggested indignity. The theme is purely religious and the music the most beautiful sacred music I have ever heard. It is religious, but pagan, it seems to me, rather than Christian--that is, it is the Europeanized Christianity, full of Miracle and magic. I was so full of it I did not go to sleep till nearly morning. -----The attitude toward the church here is puzzling. There are innumerable churches and long-skirted priests are everywhere. They have control of education, in the city schools, as well as in the church parochial schools. Making first communion is part of the school career like finishing grammar school with us. Verna, 9 years old, goes to mass, but nobody else in the house does. We started out to the Wienerwald this morning early, and everybody else did, too judging from the jam on the street cars. In this Catholic country there were no crowds going to mass as there are on Easter morning in America--there is a church across the street from here. In the little automatic church on Leopoldberg that we looked into there was the usual basin of holy water. Verna dipped into it. Her mother glanced at her with the affectionate amusement that one would bestow on Bobbie, watching some of his make-believe play. While I was sick and Frau Schneider talked of the war and subsequent conditions she said that she thought that the church should give up its great wealth for the people. That its wealth originally came from the people and when they were in need it should be returned to them. I fully agreed, but I don't believe any established church, English or Catholic would ever do it voluntarily, any more than millionaires that made their millions out of other people's labor, or out of land granted by the government would return a cent of it because the country needed it. When the people here are so indifferent to the church I wondered why they allowed the church to control education. When I learned today that Leopoldberg and

Kahlenberg, with the extensive vineyards along their base, belong to the church, I got the "economic interpretation" of the church's influence--just the same kind of influence any other rich body owning the means of subsistence possesses.-----Tuesday we go to

hear Rhinegold. I got tickets for the whole Nibelungen Ring.

Herr Schönbauer tried to find an English translation of the series for me but could not. They have the works in German, but I shall not have time to read them thoroughly. Parsifal took me a week.--

--Two weeks from today I expect to reach Munich. I hope they will let me work overtime as they have here. -----Having original cita-

tions down beforehand is a great help. I know whether or not I am getting the right thing. In some cases 5 or 6 sheets will bear

the name in Hackel's hand. Without the citation I would not know

which was the type. If there is a discrepancy, as sometimes hap-

pens (Hackel seems not to have verified his numbers), I can note

it. It takes time looking up the name in the list every time, but

it is worth the time.-----Tuesday night, returned from Rhinegold.

--It is wonderful how one man could have been so wonderful a musician and an artist and dramatist, too. The stagecraft is like

magic. This opera opens with the Rhinetöchter (mermaids) swimming

and wiggling their tails like fishes in the aquarium. The view-

point is the same as in the aquarium, one is looking into a cross

section of the river, apparently. In the dim bluish light the im-

pression of water is striking, especially with the way the mer-

maids rise and sink and wave their tails. Fortsetzung folgt, the

Walküre is Thursday night. The four operas make a continued story.

They begin the opera here according to the amount of time it takes to give it. Parsifal began at 6:30 and lasted till about 11.

People carry their invariable rye bread and sausage and eat between the acts. Rhinegold was only about 3 hours long. It is all one

act, with no intermissions. -----Today Dr. Johann Vetter came in to see me with a lot of Festucas. He has described several new ones, all so close to *F. rubra* and *F. ovina* that we would never think of making separate species of them. They are so hard up for new species in this worked-over land that they name every little difference. However, I did not tell him that his species looked all alike to me. Since he has published and is going to publish more I have asked for duplicates in exchange for American *Festucas*. He is going to give me separates of his papers, and I shall have to find a copy of Piper's *Festuca* somewhere for him. His specimens are excellent. -----I have I have finished Melica. Tomorrow I am going to the American consul, German consul, Cook, etc., and get that off my mind. I certainly appreciate being allowed to work as I wish. I average fully 9 hours a day, and worked two Sundays. If I had to keep their hours I would have to stay all summer.-----I got a beautiful duplicate of *Anthochloa lepida* from South America, not the type, but a second collection. It was known from type only, wasn't it. This little thing was an indet. -----Sunday, April 23.--I have written Prof. Hackel that I will go to Attersee Thursday and leave Sunday. That will make just 5 weeks here. I don't think I ever got so much done in 5 weeks in my life. This Sunday I quit about 1, because I had promised to go out to the Zweigolds in Klosterneuberg this afternoon. Frau Schneider tried to phone them but could not get connection. As it was my last Sunday I went anyway. Little Rudolf and his father were visiting his parents in Gratz, where there is milk to be had for children. Frau. Z and her sister welcomed me most warmly, and there was more of the Handküsse business. It is mighty hard to stand.-----I hear that Dr. Ross who has collected in Mexico is curator at Munich. We had letters from him before the war. I shall offer trop American grasses in exchange for fragments. I am in Agropyron, the last tier of cases and undistributed still to do. I have used a lot of time naming misplaced stuff.

I did not take time to study out things I did not know, but I could refer most of the things to the proper genus. I hadn't the heart to go by Eragrostis and all sorts of things in Pos. Diplachne (as it is called here) I found in nearly every genus, also Aegopogon. I am getting a rich haul, but if they distribute the things I have named their herb will be much more usable,--one coming here to study a genus would miss a good part of it at present. Even Hackel's material was not arranged to agree with his Engler & Prantl genera. A lot of Atropis he left in Glyceria and the same species is in Atropis again. ----Dr. Heinrich Freiherr von Handel-Mazzetti (titles seem to stand, even if this is a republic) only had 75 grasses. They are very good specimens and not weeds. I bet he wishes he had collected more grasses. This small amount, \$11.75, will be covered, like everything else here, in subsistence at \$4 a day, so there will be no need of asking the Dept to pay for them. This per diem allowance is a great convenience. 1000 kronen (about 14 cents) to the diener twice a week saves me much time and fatigue, and I don't have to bother about receipts. He even went for my passport at the German consulate and got my railway ticket, saving me a lot of time. I had a great time about the German visa. When I came through Salzburg on my way to Wien the German at the frontier crossed out my German visa, secured in Washington. There was a long line of people to go through so I did not take time to try to explain in my halting German that I was coming back again. When I went to the U. S. consulate yesterday-Wednesday I asked about this. "Guess he had too much," said the youth in good American. But at the German office I learned that my visa only permitted me to enter Germany and leave it again, which I had done on my way here, tho I had not set foot in Germany! When I explained that I wanted to go to Munich (a special permit is needed for that), then leave

for Italy and return and enter Germany in another place the man acted as if he had never heard of such presumption. (What do they run their boundaries like a gerrymander for?) He said I would have to have two visas at \$10 each! Then I handed him the Dept. of Agriculture letter of introduction, and told him I had another and bigger one with a gold seal on it, if he wanted me to bring it. He sent us to another office, and after filling out my pedigree and where I was on and after Aug. 1, 1914, and waiting and waiting, with Frau Schneider explaining that I was a Staatsbeante to the various officials, we were sent back with a note to the first man who said there was nichts zu bezahlen. He wasn't a bit goodnatured about it, but I was, and said "Danke verbindlichst." I was only trying to get out of the second payment of \$10, I thought I would have to pay for one. I couldn't have done it but for Frau Schneider. I couldn't understand enough of what he said. It took nearly all the morning. I had to leave it and come back in the afternoon for it. I did not go but sent the diener for it next day. We went to Cook's but they are not selling tickets. I got lists of hotels in Florence, Pisa and Munich. At the railway office I had to buy a timetable--and they wouldn't tell me when the trains left, either. But the Kussbach is worth the 200 krenen (about 5 cents) I paid--though it is more puzzling to work out than an American timetable, because there is a break at the frontier and you have to hunt far and wide to find the connection in the next country. And I could not buy the ticket until I worked out the time my train went. The diener got the ticket and a platzkart for me next day. I leave here at 8:50 Thursday, get to Velklemark at 15, and go to Attersee on the electric car. Sunday I leave V. at 10:42 and reach Munich at 17:50. This scheme of 24 hours a day isn't bad, there is no mistaking morning and afternoon, as is possible with two sets of 12. -----I had another glimpse of how well off the Schneiders are. I noticed about

about noon that Frau Schneider was looking pretty tired. We had had a rather fatiguing time of it. I asked her to lead us to a cafe where we could get some lunch. I learned that she had had nothing to eat as yet, only a cup of coffee. In answer to my questions she explained that it was altogether out of the question to have breakfast. A semling (the miserable little hard rolls of which I had two for breakfast) cost 100 krenen, one for her and one for her sister would cost 200 krenen, quite impossible. Verna had one, but Verna was a growing child. We had a pretty good lunch. It cost 3200 krenen, about 40 cents. Frau Schneider said that that was more than she would spend for a day's food for the family. On the way home that night I got a lot of semlings, a kile of oleo (no store had butter) and a jar of honey, also some oranges. She is always bossing me, so I told her I was going to do some bossing for a change--she would have to eat some breakfast. One night a week or so ago there was a delicious piece of French pastry for dessert. Verna was in the room while I ate supper. She asked if I liked this pastry. I said I did and asked if she didn't. "Ach, ja," enthusiastically. The mother had two bought, the other she in four pieces had cut, so they all to eat had. I had the last bit on my fork--imagine my feelings! I watched bakery windows till I saw this pastry, then I got enough to go around and some over. -----I have priced things in the stores here, food, I mean, to see what it pays to send from America. Most things are cheaper here, in American money. Frau Schneider knows how to make the most of things. I thought that I wasted nothing, but when I had soup of the water a piece of ham was boiled in, thickened with a very little rice, I saw that I had something to learn. I can't say I liked it, but I have eaten everything they gave me, soup with caroway seed in it. I spoke of the strange attitude even

tude toward the church--here is an instance. In making change for stamps or something she had got for me I saw some 1 and 2 krone notes. You can't get anything for less than 100 kronen; I asked what they did with 1 krone notes. "Für die Kirche," she said, without a smile until I laughed. -----April 25.--We went to the whole series of operas on the theme of the Nibelung ring, the magic ring that conferred all might (der Macht) on its possessor together with the curse that he can never love and must die. I told you of the prelude "Rhinegold." Then follows Die Walkure, Siegfried, and Götterdämmerung, in the last of which Brunnhilde removes the curse by restoring the ring to the Rhine and by her death. It was not like ordinary opera, it is drama and music combined--the most wonderful thing I ever heard.-----I hope to see Herzog in Munich and learn how we can get his Bolivian grasses. It seems like leaving home to pack up to leave here--and I shall probably never see Frau Schneider again. She wants me to remember that everything is well with Wien, that they are going to come out all right. I never saw such gallant courage. It seems to be common, too. Everyone is so neat and clean that they do not give the impression of poverty. The dreadfully worn shoes are highly polished--evidently shoe blacking is a necessity. I have learned to keep my shoes blacked--they put me to shame. I had Frau Schneider make me some clothing of linen and two garments for Mrs. Winston and her sister. Frau S would not take any pay for the things, she wanted to do this for the Damen who had sent so much for the children of Vienna. I had a hard time getting her to take a little farewell gift. I did up some more American dollars in little envelopes for the herbarium people, including poor Dr. Keissler. I did not give any to Dr. Zahlbruckner, he does not seem so hard up as the others--and I have all the grasses now!-----The packages of plants, including Handel-Mazzetti's, books, and fragments in envelopes will go to you through the Smithsonian Exchange. I put my blanket

around the Max Reise books. It will protect them and rid me of the weight of it. I bought a down comforter here because it was so much cheaper than in America, and I have been so frozen here my mind runs to getting warm things. I can't carry it with me, so I am mailing it to you. Please pay the tariff and charge to my account.---I have bought 200 little envelopes for fragments, this comes in subsistence, like everything else.-----Attersee, April 29.--Prof. and Mrs. Hackel bid me send you their thanks for the \$10 and their greetings. He will write to you himself. He was at Velklemarkt to meet me, though I had written him that I could easily go to Attersee alone. I recognized him because the tall straight, fine looking man caught my attention for a moment. I was just thinking that man looks as if he belonged in Idaho when he came toward me and I saw the resemblance to his picture. With weather beaten face, hair longer than common, a slouch hat, thick gray mustache, tall and very straight, he looked like my youthful idea of a westerner. He is thin and hollow checked, but he carries his head in the air in a way that makes one rejoice in the spirit of the man. Frau Hackel was at Attersee. Their house is about half a mile distant. It was raining, of course. I am beginning to doubt if there is a warm dry spot in Europe. She is lovely to me, they both are. She was delighted with the arch supports, the soap, medicine and other things. I had filled my Wiener Tasche (a leather market bag I bought in Vienna) with oranges, the space left, I mean. Frau H is rather lame, partly from fallen arches and partly the result of having broken one leg in two places some years ago. It pains badly in cold or wet weather (which must be all the time, I should think.) Prof. Hackel is to have an operation this summer. Dr. Berta (the daughter) says it is imperative. There has been

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some bladder trouble, and for a year and a half, Frau H told me, she has been catheterizing him four times in each 24 hours--so there must be complete stoppage of the bladder. He suffers intense pain at times, she said. His hair and mustache are only iron gray and he is so straight that he does not look old, but after our "Ausflage" he seems very tired. He is 72, he said. At first I understood German better than he did English, though I took pains to speak slowly. He says he can understand English much better than he can American! He does not know what I mean when I say *Eriochloa* or *Anthochloa*. He said that you talked of *Panicum dichotomum*--what is that, he asked you to write it--oh, you meant de-hot-o-moon. With that as a guide I say *Pahs-pah-lum*, etc., and it goes better. I got information that clears up the Philippi herbarium mystery. In Vienna I saw the Philippi plants that Piper had borrowed (Piper's, Ricker's and my writing identified them). They are all stamped Herb. Hackel. Most of them were marked "comm Reiche." in Hackel script. I said that I was interested to see in his herbarium the Philippi plants that Piper had borrowed in the winter of 1903-4. He at once began to tell me about it. Reiche, who was professor at Santiago, (Univ. Chile, I think), was working on a flora of Chile. He wanted Hackel to, do the grasses and sent the whole collection. Prof. Hackel worked them over. he said (what we know) that Philippi was not acquainted with genera, and that a large number of his species were synonyms or had to be transferred to other genera. Hackel published the new species and transfers. (Among over a thousand I do not recall which they are.) Then he prepared a list for Reiche of all the grasses in the Philippi herb. He said he would give me this list, I can have it copied and then return it to him. Reiche wrote him afterwards that he was leaving for Mexico. Then the war came and he has never since heard from Reiche. We shall have to reopen correspondence with him. When he sent that specimen of *Eragrostis obtusa*

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folia from Federal District was the last we have heard from him I think. Apparently it was understood that Hackel was to keep the grasses. The earlier Philippi grasses are in Vienna. Philippi was a German, his notes are in German, and he seems to have sent grasses to Vienna before Hackel's time. It may have been that he wanted his herb to go to Vienna. I wish we could have got them. I am glad Piper borrowed them when he did. I indexed and distributed the fragments only last year--they were segregated in one of those little cases Piper had made. -----I have learned two reasons why I did not find all Hackel's cited types, as we call them, but which do not seem to have so much significance with him. 1: I asked about the missing Stueckert grasses. At first he seemed a bit anxious and then said "Oh, but you say you found other collections of the same thing?" "Yes." "Oh, then it can be that I gave them away, I did not care to keep so many." 2: Rehmann and Manyharth African grasses: Sometimes there was only one specimen, which he returned, keeping sometimes a few spikelets or a fragment. He had given Henrard (who seems to be a very dear friend) his collection of spikelets! A third reason I discovered myself (I did not ask him about this) near the end of my work in Vienna. When Hackel changed his mind about what species a thing was a variety of he wrote the new combination (published or not) on a slip and pasted it down over the original. I found two types in *Festuca* by holding the label to the light and finding what was underneath. What a lack of reverence for types! He did not always do that, fortunately. I found many changes on the same label. But probably some of the varieties I could not find in *Andropogon* *Sorghum* subsp. *Halepensis* var. *seand* so subvar. *etwas* *anderas*, and in *Agrostis*, may have been because I did not notice double-pasted labels. A great many labels, not types, were so pasted. I guess it is what he would have done with all if he had had the time. The

Stackert plants I shall look for elsewhere. He did not recall who he gave them to. His herb went to Vienna in 1916, so it was before that. I hope Henrard got some. The spikelet collection I can see at Leiden. Besides these three causes of missing types there is a fourth that is wholly my fault.* I am hoping there were not many types. I took so many fragments from other things. I somehow lost one package of envelopes, those obtained last Sunday. Each day's crop of envelopes I took in my brief case to my room and put them in a drawer of the desk. The only reason I knew I lost any is that I had bought little envelopes and that Sunday I used them for the first time, for little fragments. When I arranged the envelopes for packing I missed the little ones. I was panic stricken, of course and suffered tortures of anxiety. I have so often had "fits" only to find what I had lost. I even found the thread I had bought for Frau Hackel after buying a new supply in Vienna. I recall hunting for Festuca ovina varieties and doing some Bromus that morning. I hope there was nothing we particularly need. Most of the American grasses went on sheets, but unless old world material was ample I took fragments only. It was a distressing come-down after all my exultation--and I had a blinding headache for two days in consequence. I would have had to check over everything, sheets and envelopes, to find out what I had lost and I had already written Prof. Hackel I was coming on Thursday. I try not to think about it now--I shall never get over being mad at myself about it. I worked from before 8 till nearly 7 Monday and Tuesday so that I could pack Wednesday. I tied the bundles first with tape and the diener said he would put them in boards and wrap them. I had bought large sheets of stout wrapping paper--more subsistence. The diener will take them to the Smithsonian Ex. This left me the afternoon of Wednesday so I went over the unbestimmt and named about 5/6 of it to the genus and a good deal of the American to the species also. I found a second specimen of Odontelytrum abys-

Nothing lost, all checked off by my wife and I after my return.

sinicum, type collection, and a second specimen of Anthochloa lep-
 ida (I'd seen type doll); also the Jameson collection of Aphanely-
 tram procumbens, which we first saw in Petersburg herb. I am glad
 I had time to do a little something for the herbarium. -----To
 resume with the Hacke Is--Like the Schneiders they seem to have no
 heat, except what they cook by and a small supply of birch wood with
 which they einhitzen in the evening--on my account, only I am
 afraid. Liebe Frau Hackel put a hot water bottle in my bed, so with
 a thick feather bed over me I finally got warm. She and her Mann
 are going to have knitted wool underwear for next winter! It makes
 me ache to think of the misery of their linen unter kleider in their
 unheated house. The house was built in their days of prosperity,
 and it is much too big for them alone. Prof. Hackel makes hay from
 the garden and orchard and sells it, and they have rented the up-
 per floor to a Wiener family who are to come the first of June.
 Like Frau Schneider's the things that last are excellent, furnitur
 table-linen, beds and bedlinen; the things that break or wear out
 are in very bad shape. Apparently (like Schneiders again) food
 takes all they can get. I surmise the daughter is the mainstay,
 and they fairly dote on her. The son seems to have lost his
 health in the war. He was an officer on the Italian front. He
 is teaching in Vienna and his wife and two babies are with her
 parents in Steiermark, where she can feed them--the babies, not
 the parents. The Hackels want to sell this house and go to Linz
 with Berta. There is 70% tax on sale price of property, and no
 one to pay much for it. We knew that Prof. Hackel had sold his li-
 brary to Leiden. He showed me some enlargements of photographs he
 had made. He said he had sold all his photographic outfit. I've
 no doubt they would sell their beautiful wardrobes and other fur-
 niture if it were possible. There is no one but foreigners who
 have money to buy, and the heavy tax leaves almost nothing. Dr.

Berta is a district physician for mothers and children. The American Red Cross pays half her salary, which is about \$18^{a month} in American money--that is, the entire salary. She was a surgeon in the army on the Eastern front and later in the typhas region in what is now Jugoslavia. They showed me some snap shots of her. She is very tall and slender --"furchbar mager" her mother said, and very fine-looking. One picture showed her in hospital looking on with a broad smile at some bandaged men playing cards. The prettiest is one, taken before the war in color (Prof. Hackel seems to have done all sorts of things in photography) shows her in the Austrian costume, a blue sleeveless, low cut tight bodice and straight skirt, with a white under bodice, and a red apron. Frau Schneider were the same Easter after we returned from the Wienerwald. The colored photo is one of those transparencies, you hold up to the light. The Hackels spoke of their great disappointment when she was not sent to Java as they expected. She had passed the examination for government physician for Java, and was appointed subject to physical examination. She went to the Haag for that and there they found one eardrum was defective, though she hears perfectly well with the other ear, and is only slightly deaf in that one. Later they had some little hope of her being sent to Egypt. I did not understand if this is under the English government--it would be unlikely that an Austrian woman would get it in that case. The Java job was for the Dutch government. Frau Hackel is much more given to building air castles than is her Mann. She said she wished that Berta could go to Mexico or South America--and then in a few minutes she was talking about collecting and drying specimens there. Prof. Hackel smiled and said something about Betty likes to dream. She is not the typical German hausfrau, like Frau Hobkelder, she said she would rather dry plants than wash dishes. I surmise she has dried plants for many years and has only lately taken to washing dishes -- yesterday

day morning I went a couple of miles with Prof. Hackel when he went for butter. We passed through the most wonderful meadows of flowers, as brilliant as the sands between the dunes or the mountain meadows of Colorado. In the afternoon we went the Berg hinauf, and I collected a number of lovely things. No-grasses-were-out. He wanted me to the alpine flora that reaches down these hills. We collected *Sesleria caerulea*, the only grass out. It grows in springy places on the steep mountainside in disintegrating rock. We scrambled around and got ourselves all muddy getting it. If I can work up the nerve I shall write the labels "Collected by Prof. Edward Hackel and Agnes Chase." I am using his driers. This morning we took the little boat which runs to the other end of the lake. It reminded me of Lake Coeur d'Alene. The lake is long and narrow and crooked, and the snow-topped mountains on all sides kept changing their profile. It was awfully cold, but I enjoyed it for all that. At the south end we had an hour and a half before the boat left again, and we climbed up another hill, with much the same flora as that seen yesterday, only here there was plenty of *Sesleria* at the level of the lake. *Pea annua*, pretty little international, was here, too.

List of plants collected, names given by Prof. Hackel as I

got them, taken from notebook.

April 28, west side of lake:

Galium lutea, mossy mt meadow

Gentiana verna, abundant in meadow, 2-3 inches high, the large flower being about half the entire height of the plant, the vivid blue of our *G. crinita*.

Polygala austriaca, meadow, in little tufts, very pretty.

Veronica tournefortii, same, flowers the blue of flax, 1 cm across

Primula farinosa, by ditch, alpine species, scarce here.

Salix repens, along ditch, rare; about 6 in. tall

Melandryum rubrum, same.

Vinea minor, same; our periwinkle at home, mossy woods.

Daphne miserum, woods, 2 ft. tall.

Mercurialis perilis, along path in woods.

Viola sylvestris, same

Paris quadrifolia, under trees in moss.

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Palmenaria officinalis, mossy woods
Lamium maculatum, wood border.

600 meters altitude:

Seldanella montana, spruce forest, alpine species, with leaves at base, something like *Pyrola*, and a raceme of few to several nodding blue fringed flowers. This is the plant Prof. Hackel brought me up here for. He was disappointed that it was so scarce; but in all we found a good many, mostly not yet in bloom.

Potentilla sterilis, open slope, lower.

Cardamine trifolia, mossy woods.

Asplenium viride, ledge of rock.

Asarum Europeanum, mossy woods.

Aster bellidastrium, wood border.

Sesleria cerulea, in dense clumps in springy places on steep stony hill.

Dentaria enneafolium, mossy woods.

Primula elatior, abundant in meadows, the common primrose

Symphytum tuberosum, mossy woods

Orchis mascula, along ditch in meadow; looks something like our *O. spectabilis*.

April 29, south end of Attersee.

Helleborus nigra, mossy woods along path, the persistent petals turning reddish green; it blooms about Christmas, the flowers white, "Christmas rose"

Polygala vulgaris, same, in moss.

Erica carnea, forming masses of lovely rose-pink bloom on stony wooded ledges.

Primula officinalis, wood border.

Valeriana triptera, same.

Euphorbia amygdaloides, same

The people in this part of the country look so like westerners, the Idaho look of the

landscape strengthens the suggestion, doubtless. On the return trip the boat slowed up in mid-lake to allow a boat of wood to be tied to it. A lean, brown young cowboy was waiting with a rough boat filled with logs. The strength and skill he showed in getting his heavy boat in position, and the way he kept his balance on top of the pile of logs, was a joy to behold.-----

Sunday morning frah.--The living room, dining room and sleeping room of the Hackels are one, for the sake of the little heat, so I wait up here till they call me. Prof. Hackel last night gave me his copy

of the Philippi list. I am to copy the list and return it. We can compare with our list prepared from the plants when borrowed by Piper.-----This morning it is clear and the mountains are beautiful. In my room, with the sun on my back, two woollen sweaters and a wool scarf on, I am less frozen than usual. The pleurisy has been pretty painful, and has made it hard to sleep.-----5:10 p. m. Salzburg.--I enjoyed my visit to the Hackels so much, and they said they did. They are such a splendid brave pair, there isn't a bit of whining. The Austrians are certainly good losers. Frau Hackel agrees with my pacifist ideas--Prof H did not disagree, but I surmise that if he is a pacifist now, he is a recent convert, poor man. I doubt if he thinks much of the republic, either. When they told me that there is a 70% tax on anything sold he said, "Wir haben keine Freiheit mehr!" I thought it might be worse if they still had a royal family and their hangers-on to support, but I did not say so. I think the old, picturesque Austria was very dear to Prof. Hackel. So many of the photographs he showed me are of peasant farmyards, shops, and churchyards, besides wild places in the Tyrol and Salzburg region. Frau Schneider, who despised royalty, looks forward hopefully to something better, now they are rid of their king, but to Prof. Hackel I think it is utter tragedy--his courage is that of despair. They must be nearly destitute--they did not talk poverty, but a few facts came out in their conversation--besides what I could see. They had invested the savings of their lifetime so as to yield them 4000 kronen a year, nearly \$1000 before the war. They still get the 4000 kronen--and I got 7500 kronen for \$1 the last time I changed money in Vienna, so their year's income is a little over 50 cents. His professor's pension amounts to about \$2 a month.

They had looked forward to occasional visits to Italy and had hoped to realize a lifelong dream of a journey to the tropics. Instead they are probably short of food, are certainly short of fuel and all that makes life comfortable. They had one cubic meter of birchwood for the winter and were still using it--that is all the fuel they had. A former student of Prof. Hackel's, now in Samatra, sent them a bag of green coffee which they roast themselves. Henrard has sent Dutch cheeses and chocolate. Henrard visited them in 1920. He came with a great lot of provisions and they were the guest of their guest, Frau Hackel said. He stayed two weeks, they say he is sehr lieb. There is no beer, no rum, nor wine, nor tobacco, even. So many women seem to smoke here that Frau Hackel rather apologetically explained that they had no tobacco in the house, that "neither of them smoked"--I assured her I didn't either. Their devotion to each other is beautiful. He helps with the housework some, and goes for the milk. "Kein wissenschaftlichen Arbeit," she said, with a shake of the head, as he started after the milk. She told me that she forgets things and can't find things and her lieber Mann comes and finds them for her. She wishes there were a medicine for the "Fergies-krankheit." I told her if there were I would want a big supply of it. When Prof. Hackel and I started out for an Ausflage they embraced as if they were to be parted for ten years. They have a little goat that was to be fresh in a short time. That will give them milk. In their part of Austria one sees the wayside shrines, such as I saw coming through Bavaria. Like the church on Leepeldberg they seem to be automatic, I never saw anyone pay any attention to them. The men did not even lift their hats as they passed. On our walk up the hill where I got Sesleria I saw a large shrine--like a church reduced to the chancel only--over the front was "Heilige Edward bit für uns." Division of labor--the saint could pray for them while

they go about their work.--I---I left a Manchester Guardian I had bought at the station at Vienna. I had read only a little, the first paper I had seen in English, but I saw them both at it so I said I had finished it. They seem very hungry for reading. It must be very depressing to be without the books and journals we take as a matter of course. They read English readily, and are very fond of travels. I am going to send them one or two books from Munich. ----We rowed across the lake this noon with my hand baggage, I pulling the second pair of oars. I was standing off looking at myself, actually rowing across Attersee with the great Hackel when his oars struck mine. I had to come back and keep my mind on the job, and nearly pull my arms out and burst my lungs to make my oars come up when his did. I could outwalk him, but I got warm for once, pulling oars back of him. ----- I am waiting in the zweite classe restauration (that is the way the sign is spelled) for the customs office to open. There seem to be ^{no} seats in waiting rooms in Austria; there were none in the station at Vienna. Franz Schneider and I had a cup of coffee and sat in the cafe while waiting for the train. If you do not want to stand an hour or two you have to take coffee (or beer or other drinks), then you can sit as long as you like. I have just paid 200 krenen, tip and all, (less than 3 cents) you may guess for what drink. -----Munich (from notes and memory, being too weary because of an attack of pleurisy with a good deal of fever, to write after the day's work.) At Salzburg there was a great to-do over the linen I had bought in Vienna. I had no notion of smuggling it. It was right on top. The examiner pounced on it. I said "Ich habe es in Wien gekauft." You would think it was dynamite. "Sie hat Leinwand in Wien gekauft," the examiner explained to the next man. They

gathered around and stared at me, chanting in turn "Sie hat Leinwand im Wien gekauft!" in tenor, baritone and bass. The rhythm of it and the absurd commotion made me feel as if I were in a comic opera. There were endless questions to answer, that I was going to take it to America, and papers to make out. Finally they chalked the trunk and I supposed the episode was closed--far from it, as I learned next morning. It was about 10:30 p. m. when we reached Munich. The station was packed. I never saw a worse jam. The morrow was May 1, the great day of the Socialists, though I did not think of that then. I had the two heavy grips and the market bag. No Traeger would come at my call--you stick your head out the window of the car and call "Traeger," and then hand your baggage out to him and note the number on his cap and hope to see him again on this earth. A kindly passenger helped me get my baggage out, then I stood hoping for a porter. Seeing one go by with a handcart piled high I set mine on top and started to follow him--I had not caught the number on his cap. He said something that I did not understand. I kept my eye on him in the dense jam until he went one way and I had to go another to give up my ticket--they take your ticket at the station instead of on the train, and you can't get out without a ticket. Then I began hunting the man in vain. I found a baggage room and pestered everyone there trying to find out where baggage was left. I was told later that this is the largest Bahnhof in the world--I believe it. It is about four times the size of our new station in Washington. I hunted all over it for half an hour. By that time the crowd had thinned out and I could get the ear of some sort of official. After a long wait the original Traeger came and led me to my baggage. He thought I was going out on some other train. He carried my things over to the Pension Feldhütter, where I had written for room. The mark is 250 to the dollar--I had changed some at Salzburg. I had to make

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out a declaration, giving my pedigree, my religion, how I made a living, what I was here for, how long I was going to stay--also whether or not I was married. What do they do eventually with the millions of such records they must have? I gave my trunk receipt to the hotel boy to get the trunk in the morning, and then got to bed, worn to a frazzle. About 7 in the morning I hunted up the boy. He said my trunk had not come, another train was due soon, it would probably be on that. After breakfast, at which jam was served, as much as half a teaspoonful, the boy said the trunk had not come on the morning train. I got him to go over with me. When I assured them I had seen it through the custom house at Salzburg and that they had made out papers because I had some linen from Vienna, they led me to another room and there was my precious trunk, under bond. There was more talk and more papers, and then they took the linen and gave me a receipt. The linen would be returned to me when I left. (It would upset the republic if I gave some poor Mahlich Schneiderin a job making it up for me, I suppose.) I paid two fees and then got away with my trunk. Next in order was to report to the police, another time-consuming affair. And they charge \$5 admission to their city! It is so picturesque it is worth it, I guess. It is so beautifully clean. Vienna was clean, too, but much was in need of repair there. Here things look spic and span. The police wear these horrible spiked helmets we have seen so many pictures of these last several years. All this business--getting some German money, too--took most of the morning. ^{Letter:} The botanical garden and herbarium are at Nymphenburg, a suburb, about half an hour's ride on the street car. After Vienna this seems such a tiny herbarium. It is beautifully equipped, in a beautiful building, put up just before the war. Dr. Ross (not like Scotch Ross, but Errrrross)

was very kind. I got several Mez types here. He had all the grasses "sehr wichtig für Ihnen," Dr. Ross said--it is certainly weighty, but in a different sense. He seems to take Mez seriously, they didn't think anything of him in Vienna. Dr. Rudolf Wagner of Vienna told me that he used to be in the Munich herbarium. That he got a set of duplicates from the Doell herbarium, which he put in order. The Wagner herb is now in the Vienna herb,--that accounted for the several Doell types I got there, and for the numerous things named in Doell script. Doell's own herbarium is at Karlsruhe, not on my list to visit. Wagner said that the Martius herbarium is not at Munich as we supposed and as stated in DeCandolle's *Phytographie*. Duplicates of the Martius collection were sent to Munich very early. These form the basis of part of Nees work on Brazil, but he may have had access to Martius own herbarium, also. At Martius death, his herbarium came to Munich, but Nägeli, then director of everything there, sold the herbarium to the Brussels herbarium! Wagner says that Nägeli had no need of a herbarium in his study of starch grains! Dr. Ross verified what Wagner said, though he did not mention the starch grains. I have found many Nees types here, with Nees scrip, and some of Doell, but there are many still to find. The Martius collections are a great disappointment. In Nees *Agrost Bras.* he cites several localities for collections of Martius, wide distances apart. I supposed these localities represented different specimens. What Martius did seems to have been this, I judge from Martius own writing on many of the labels: He sorted up his collections according to what he considered species, dumping plants from all localities together. Then he gave as locality on the labels of all, the string of localities where he collected the species. That accounts for the discrepancies in different herbaria, and it means that unless I find Nees' script, or Doell's on a specimen I can not be sure it is the species named by either.----I worked here

from 8:30 till 6, or later if Dr. Ross was working later. I left my Attersee collections here for the diener to dry, with some money to pay him. These together with some Brazil collections I named (returned by Mez unbestimmt) and was allowed to take duplicates from, will go to you through Smithsonian Exchange. I took photographs under difficulties. It was so dark yesterday I quit. Today it kept changing from dark to light so rapidly I don't know whether or not I guessed right. While it was raining yesterday morning I went to Daltz, the book dealer. They told me in Vienna that Munich was the place to get the books we need. Daltz did not have a single one of the books on my list. But I bought a book of botanical travels in Madagascar for the Hackels. In a big bookstore (not scientific) I got two more for them, one by Hagenbeck, the animal collector, the other, rather too popular for the Hackel's taste, I fear, on the West Indies. I had no time to search the shelves, and I know nothing of German literature. The book clerks here are just like American ones. A "book" means a novel, if you don't want a novel, you must want Rabindranath Tagore. I didn't want either, but Reise bücher. Then he offered me Baedeker! Not knowing the word for fiction I had a hard time telling him I did not want that--erzählungen, was as near as I could guess. After finding the two books mentioned for myself (they ought to introduce the Piggly Wiggly system in bookstores, one nearly always has to wait on himself anyway) I asked if they had American periodicals. "Ach, ja," he said, and handed me "Vogue". "Ach, nein!" sagte ich. That represented American journalism in Munich. -----I saw Dr. Herzog several times. He said that he had been unable to send you the Bolivian grasses because of the war. The sets are with Henrard, as I understand, or were; what had been intended for U. S. is to go to Geneva (which

has no need of them). I named generically some grasses he collected in Macedonia during the war. He is a young fellow, fortunately not shot up any. One sees crippled students coming and going, and as in Vienna they seem to specialize on men with terribly scarred faces for street car conductors. They suggest the result of liquid fare or perhaps the torches the Allied troops used in "cleaning out the trenches," as I heard Empey describe it at the Geographic.-----I am sending back DeCandolle and Lesague, having taken down what I need from them. I am also sending the made up table linen that happened to be at the bottom of the trunk and not seen by the customs officers the time they had such a fit over the linen goods. I am like soldiers in a rout, getting rid of everything that makes weight. What Europe needs to make travel comfortable is a supply of colored porters. It nearly pulls my arms out to handle my baggage. Those manuscript lists and books are so heavy.-----Saturday morning, waiting to take my train. The ticket seller here was very civil and spoke slowly and repeated to make sure I understood. I have a through ticket to Florence and my trunk insured through. For the six days at the pension, with a comfortable bed (and feather-bed cover), running water in my room (not hot water, I guess there isn't such a thing in the country), breakfast and evening meal, I paid about \$5.-----^{Sunday} Florence, May 7. Hotel Florence at Washington, where the attendant can speak English. I arrived at 6:30 this morning, am washed and waiting as patiently as possible for breakfast at 8. Traveling in Europe is rich in experiences, isn't it? I am always surprised when I finally arrive all right. It seems sheer luck. There were two changes of cars that I knew nothing of till the last minute. No one tells you which way to go. I got off on the side toward the station but the Florence train was on a track on the other side of the train I had been on. (I hadn't any Italian money, so I couldn't get a porter) There was no way to get across

but to climb back up with my luggage and down on the other side. The second time I was asleep for the night, rejoicing in room enough to lie down on the seat. About half an hour ^{before} a man had looked at my ticket and turned down the light. Then I was yelled at to go into a car forward. When I got there I remembered my hat. The end door was already locked, so I jumped out the side door and ran. To my surprise I recovered my hat and got back to the right car. This time there were so many in the compartment there was no chance to lie down. Besides these two changes there were two frontiers to pass. Reclaiming that linen at Munich before the train went was another lengthy process. After making out more papers the linen was put into my suitcase, the suit case was sealed with lead seals. Then they would not let me take it in the train with me as usual, it had to be checked to Brenner, the Italian frontier. I paid three times more (I had paid twice), and then the man had the nerve to tell me that having done all this for me I was relieved of paying duty! Leaving Germany at Kufstein the officials had to be told how much money we had and in what form. I had 4000 German paper marks (I had expected to get books in Munich, so had some left over). What else did I have? Cook's checks. They demanded to see them, so I had to go into my underskirt pocket after them, while people behind nearly knocked me over with their bags and bundles. After look-over the Cook checks and showing them to a second official I was allowed to pass.-----The frontier here is in the Salzburg mountains. There are wonderful little waterfalls everywhere, and glorious snow-topped mountains. We were about 6 hours crossing the Tyrol. The country is lovely and the little villages and farm houses were charming. It was as dear and homey as Normandy, though of a very different type. There are little lakes and wild little streams and tumbling water-

falls. The men had a little brush of what looked like horse hair stuck in the back of their hats. This style was common about Attersee and frequent in Vienna. The little brush is set in a little silver holder (like a thimble with the bottom out) and a pin on the inside fastens it to the hat. The effect is very jaunty. Most of the men wear short trousers.-----At Brenner custom house I got back my suitcase with the linen. When I said I was going to take it to America the Italians passed it without any fuss. I had not seen a soldier since I left France. There were Italian soldiers at the border and a street full of them as I came here in the bus this morning. It was near sunset when we got into Italy so I did not see much of this country. They did not call all off for Florence (or Firenze) and I couldn't see the name of the city but I got off on a chance and happened to be right. -----Later: The world doesn't seem quite so cold after coffee and bread. It is the first good coffee I have tasted since I left the ship. Do you remember Mark Twain's recipe for German coffee? I think they used it in Munich. Frau Schneider's was good but very weak and never hot. With one gas burner to cook by I understood the reason and never mentioned it. The Sumatra coffee at the Hackel's had a foreign flavor. ----The lire is 17 to \$1. I have to do a head-racking amount of arithmetic these days. I hope the German mark does not drop too far before I get back to Deutschland.-- - The art galleries are open here from 10 till 2 on Sunday, so I am going there. I shall have a chance to walk around a little before 10. This hotel faces the Arno river.-----Later: I have looked upon the "Old Masters" and live--they are enough to kill most anybody. I can understand that very devout people might reverence these pictures, if they had little taste and no sense of humor, but why artists prize them is a mystery. The copies we are all familiar with looked punk, but I thought the originals had life or something to be admired as they are. The general impression left on my mind is

one of pious humbug. There isn't a sincere figure in any one of them --that is of the sacred subjects. It isn't just crude drawing or painting, nor the absurd anachronisms--I realize the things were painted for churches to re-use religious feelings, not as illustrations--but they are cant put into paint. The faces of the Virgin and women saints are as inane as the faces on our magazine covers today. Events that to one with imagination and any feeling would be terribly cruel, such as the crucifixion, the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, are depicted as affectedly as if the characters were playing at suffering. There is a picture by Perugino of the Virgin and child with St. Sebastian full of arrows standing beside her. She looks on poor Sebastian quite calmly and a little bored. Sebastian is languidly gazing toward heaven, the arrows don't seem to be bothering him much. People gazing at the crucifixion wear an expression of gentle sadness, as they might regard a maimed bird. This prevailing affectation carries over into pictures not sacred. There is a birth of Venus by Botticelli in which Venus standing in a seashell has the same drooping air of sweet saintliness as the madonnas and lady saints. She even has the conventional knock-kneed bend to her leg prevalent among saints. (This bend of the leg survives today in all the figures showing ^{dresses} patterns, it is a character "linked" with conventionality apparently) She modestly hides a bit of her anatomy with a strand of her hair--Venus of all people! It was a relief to go out into the gallery with the old Roman marbles, so decently unconscious of their nudity. It was like going into the fresh air from a fetid atmosphere. A few non-religious pictures were honest, Raphael's Pope Julius particularly. Just one Holy Family is free from cant, a relatively small round picture by Michelangelo. They are queerly grouped and the mother would have a cramp in her leg

if she kept that position long. ^{or} They are a sober looking family, but there is a blessed absence of affection about them. (It is rather remarkable that no artist depicts the infant Christ smiling or laughing like other babies.) Between the Uffizi gallery and the Pitti palace (both art galleries) is a long corridor--it is the upper covered part of the bridge across the Arno, the two galleries being on opposite sides of the river). This corridor is hung with portraits of the Medici family, in chronological order I surmise from the clothing. At the beginning of the line they have the most remarkable noses with a great square job at the end with a pronounced cleft. This nose must have been a "dominant" Mendelian character, for it persists clear down the line, though it grows less pronounced and infrequent toward the end. I saw at once where Filippo Lippi and Botticelli got the noses they put on the Virgin, the infant Christ and the angels. The "economic interpretation" of art forced itself upon me. It probably paid to make God and the angels in the image of the reigning family! I haven't a doubt that a particularly homely little angel and Infant of Filippo Lippi's, more lifelike than most, are portraits of children or grandchildren of some doting Medici. Another thing that strikes me is that the old masters wholly ignored the fact that Mary was not of wealthy family, that Christ was a working man. They show the madonna sumptuously gowned, even in the annunciation, with rich and stately background. No common working class figures would have secured patronage, I suppose, and no doubt the artists would consider it bad taste to allude to the "disgraceful past" of the Holy Family, once it was "taken up" by the "best people." There is a St. Peter by Guido Reni that strikes me as the finest picture there, sacred ones, I mean. It shows honest grief. In one of John VanDyke's outbursts of admiration for Rubens he says that those who do not like Rubens have only to see the Rubens room at Florence to appreciate him. I saw that room and have no more admiration for Rubens than before. The first thing you see, just opposite the door

is a big husky man, all aglow, apparently stepping out of a bathtub. The catalogue calls it the Resurrection! That is much the best picture. There is nothing noble about the figure but it is a relief to see Christ represented as a man, instead of the drooping "sissy" they all present as the Christ. The other pictures are from unpleasant to revolting. Rubens is the great great grandfather of the makers of these disgusting and evil pictures so common in front of movie theaters, showing men offering violence to shrinking women. The old masters have a weakness for that theme with their Susannas and Sabine women, but Rubens detests it. There are pictures of satyrs capturing nymphs, that are positively evil--the talented beast painted them in a glow of passion. Altogether the "old masters" are a great disappointment. But the Roman marbles are a joy. History tells us that the old Romans were immoral--well, their art does not show it as that of the old masters shows the depraved state of the pious humbugs of medieval Italy--not that Rubens was Italian! Many of the Roman sculptures are in perfectly good condition. The portrait busts are alive. Vespasian has a thin-lipped skeptical smile so like my brother's I had to return his smile. The Roman matrons might attend any "Women's Auxiliary" or literary society in the last decade of the 19th-1890's and not look out of date in hair dressing or otherwise. I would have been glad to spend all day with these sculptures. I left the galleries on the other side of the river and with my little map attempted to find my way back to the hotel. The streets run every which way and end in blind alleys, so I got mixed up. I tried to ask where a bridge was, or the river. I did not know the word for river, but I said "pont" without result. Then I showed some boys a picture postcard of the river and bridge and repeated "pont". Yes, they assured me it was a

"pent." That was as far as I could get with them. There was no making them guess what I wanted in reference to a pent. So I said "much-as gracias" (not that I thought it was Italian, but I had to say something,) and kept on hunting for a bridge and eventually found one. I was thinking of that remarkable Medici nose as I wandered through the dirty little alleys when, happening to glance at a particularly dirty woman with vegetables, I gasped to see that nose on her face. Then it occurred to me that it was not remarkable that there should be Medici blood in Florence, even if the family has died out. I began looking for these noses and counted 6 on my way to the hotel, only pronounced cases counted. At the hotel I inquired the way to the Botanical Garden. With a little map the hotel gives its guests I started out to find it. The way led me past the Duomo, cathedral and campanile (I don't know what Duomo means). They look like the sort of thing a child builds with colored building blocks, black and white and pink, making a sort of quilt pattern. It did not impress me as beautiful nor dignified. The streets were swarming with soldiers and at Plaza Souvenir Cavour they were drilling. I went on and on and on and finally turned back and entered a horticultural garden of the Tuscan Hort Society. There I asked a workman (they were working on Sunday) and he directed me to a very different place, Via la Marmora. That I saw from the name on the gate was the right place, so I shall waste no time in the morning looking for it. Returning I went into the cathedral. It had a lot more pictures of the old master style, not quite so bad as in the galleries, though. The best thing about it was its coolness--at last I was warm, decidedly so in my winter flannels, and it was delightful to stay in the dim cathedral a while. --- My trunk had not been brought over. I had been to the station in the morning, supposing it to be another case like Munich, waiting to be examined. I explained that it had not been examined at the frontier. In that case it was held at the frontier, -I was told. -I said it had been

checked through to Florence. Impossible--I said I had gone through from Paris to Vienna without the examination of my trunk until I reached Vienna. Quite impossible! Then what could be done about it. They would telegraph to send the trunk on in bond. So I tried not to think of the trunk as I viewed the old masters in the morning. At 2 o'clock no answer had been received from the telegram, that is what I guessed from the combination of French and Italian I tried to guess at. At night, by the same guessing I learned that the trunk was at Brenner, Italian frontier, and would be sent on, reaching me in the morning. I was much relieved. This hotel is full of English from Geneva--I hear the English variant of the American language on all sides of me. I have learned one Italian word, "fakine" which equals porter or traeger. The Italians all sound as if they were calling "ban-nan-ne"--so many words seem to end in long e, accented.-----May 10. No *Aristida longispica* Peir. here. Isn't this the poorest thing in the way of a herbarium you ever saw? I found most of the Peiret "types" but usually not enough data on them to make it certain. And such mixtures! "*Paspalum undulatum* Peir." has one panicle of *P. dilatatum*, one old-world Pasp. (immature true *scribiculatum*, I think) panicle, and one of *P. plicatum*. The old world spikelets were also some undulate, but I shall take *plicatum* for type, they being more so. With such stuff for types I don't wonder the Europeans are not enthusiastic over the type idea. However, I don't think that is the main objection--I think it would curtail their freedom, and mean too much work. The assistant professor Dr. Pampinini was the one who received my letter, the director always being elsewhere. He had had your previous letter, evidently. He asked if I could or would name some of their American indets. I said I would be very happy--unfortunately I said "tres gern," and nearly

Geneva conference
over in

sweat blood before I could think of "~~beaux~~." "Content" would have been the word I guess. I could understand his French, he spoke slowly. The first thing he did was to send a man for the indets, a great lot of them. Paspalum and Aristida did not appear for some time afterward. I suppose you recall that you are not allowed to get things for yourself. He said after reading your letter that I must get permission of the director to take spikelets. I thought I would acquire merit by naming up all these indets and put in a day on them, with Engler & Prantl for genera I did not recognize. Most of the American I named specifically. (With the worry about my trunk at the back of my head it was a relief to get at the old job of naming grasses--more about my trunk anon.) Among the indets was a little pile of Raddi's Brazilian grasses, indet! I named them up by Raddi. Of Raddia brasiliensis (no doubt about it, it agrees exactly) there were two full sheets. I showed them to Prof. Pampinini and asked if I might take a piece that could easily be spared. I would have to get permission of the director. When could I see the director? He is not at the herbarium. I did not catch where he is if he told me. Prof. P was polite, diplomatically polite. It was mighty hard after the blessed kindness of the Germans. And I had spent a precious day naming up their things--and these valuable Raddi grasses were so little to them that they had lain all these years and years unnamed, and now ^{that} I had made them useful by naming by Raddi's work, Pampinini refused me a little piece. You can realize how difficult it has been to work under the circumstances. The Raddi were the only fairly good specimens and they had no data other than "Bras. leg Raddi," and were all indet until I named them. I hope I shall find them named at Pisa, and I hope, too, I shall find a less freezing reception there. I'd rather stand the freezing temperature of poor Wien so long as the botanists were cordial.-----I am giving you more trouble, this is the last. After the time I had about that linen I would not take it back into Germany for anything--I'd rather

abandon it. I sent it parcel post by Cook. It cost an awful lot, but at the American Consulate they told me that was the cheapest way. I guess you will have to pay duty on it, but I hope you will not have to waste time on it. You will wish you had sent me to Ballyhack instead of to Europe! I guess it takes one trip to Europe to learn what not to do. There are beautiful linens in the windows here, but they do not tempt me. The chief thing I have learned in Europe so far is that one does not learn from experience--that is it is not safe to apply to a second case what was learned in a first case. My trunk--it did not come Monday morning. I guess they told me that tale of its being at Brenner and its arrival in the morning to get rid of me. Monday afternoon I took the case to Cook. Tuesday ^(last) night Cook telephoned me at the hotel that the trunk is at Kufstein, the German-Austrian frontier, that I was to send the key and some hundreds marks. At Cooks this morning I asked when the trunk would reach me. In a week or ten days! So I am going back for it. My second-class ticket is \$18 in American money and I shall have to spend Thursday and Friday traveling (costly experience). I leave at midnight tonight. I finished at the herbarium today. There was no working out of regular hours here. I had to quit at 12 and when I returned at 2 (opening hour) the door would be locked for 10 or 15 minutes more till the attendant arrived. --I am so glad the Buchtien plants have arrived. Herzog at Munich said he had heard that we had bought the Buchtien Herbarium. *****-I bought a Chicago Tribune here, the first American paper I have seen. On the front page was "Eight Negroes burned at the stake in Texas." I wonder what Europe thinks of us. They are reporting the Geneva conference with the same old bunk as they did at the Paris "peace" conference. I tried to read a French paper on the conference, but it sounded like the Tribune, only more so. They are probing at the mouth about Russia. ^{+ cartooning} _{into anti-Russian}

delegates as resplendent in fine array.----- (From memoranda and memory)--I left Florence about 1 a. m., the train being over an hour late. I had a distressing time finding out which train to take. There were two great platforms and I did not know which one was for trains for Rome and which for trains for the north. They would not sell me a through ticket, either, only to the frontier. I did not know the train was late and tried to take a train that came along about the time mine was due, but I could not get a door open--there was no conductor in sight, but there usually is not. I appealed to a sleepy fakino and he said it was not my train--though I was by no means sure he knew. I took to asking every fakino in sight on both platforms as to which platform the train for Brenner would stop at. I got two replies for one, three for the other, not a reassuring plurality. As time passed some passengers appeared, and I asked a soldier (in alleged French, of course). He replied in what he thought was English, but I could guess better than he could. I could not make him understand Brenner. He asked "Verona?" "No, Brenner," after several more guesses, he half turned away from me as if out of patience. I was desperate and repeated "Brenner," "with all the emphasis at my command" as Teddy would put it, and the soldier said, "Oh, Brrrrrennairrrrrrrrr!" Then he told me when the train was likely to be along, and it finally did come. It was easy going through the frontier this time, for I had only my tiny handbag. The conductor sold me a ticket, charging me extra for not having a through ticket, when they would not sell me a through one in Florence. It was a glorious day crossing the Tyrol again--as long as I had to take the journey I wanted to make the most of it. The compartment was crowded, 7 of us, but I had taken the seat by the window while a man was at breakfast, and he kindly insisted on my keeping it. He was busy smoking and talking with the others, any-

way. It was a "Non Fumer" compartment, but they fumed just the same as they always do. Occasionally a man asks permission to smoke in a non-smoker. I always grant it, since most of them smoke with out asking, so a man should not be denied who had a little manners. One man in the compartment looked so like my brother I wondered what nationality he was. He spoke French and German and very good English. At the frontier he handed in a Polish passport. They came through the train for our passports at the Italian-Austrian frontier, and took them away with them. This English speaking passenger assured me they would be returned later. When I came back from breakfast I saw the others had theirs and I made a frantic search through the cars till I found the passport man and got mine. I found him the center of a buzz of many languages. Someone was explaining ^{in German} that an Irishman had been given back a Russian passport! The poor Irishman, a Catholic priest evidently returning from Rome, looked as worried as I would have been.

-----The Tyrol is so lovely, all hills and little valleys and little waterfalls, and snowcapped mountains above. The wide-roofed houses are so picturesque and the wild flowers were out by millions. Like everywhere else in Austria the landscape lacks cattle. I have not seen a cow in all Austria. All the milk cows went to France long ago and the beef cattle, if they had any I suppose have been eaten. One sees oxen working in the fields but never a grazing animal. The Hackel's little goat is the only animal of the kind I saw, and she was kept in a shed. They had milk at the Hackels--I asked about the cattle. Prof. Hackel said there are a few, but they are fed in stalls

-----At Kufstein I got my trunk and the man spent about a minute looking at it--all that journey for that. I had left Austria with a few thousand kronen and had not had it changed, so I had money to pay the various charges (about 25 cents in our money). The train back was

at 1 in the morning. I saw a hotel nearby, so went over and asked for the use of a room to wash up (it seemed so easy to speak German again). When I said I had traveled all night and all day and was going back at 1 in the morning, the kindly woman asked if I did not want to lie down, that she would call me. I gladly took the room for the evening and lay down on a sofa, after giving her all the Austrian money I had left except a little to do next day for breakfast on the train. That sleep of four or five hours enabled me to enjoy the return journey across the Tyrol again. The train was not crowded this time. I reached Florence about 11 p. m. and left for Pisa early in the morning.

-----Pisa, Sunday, May 14.--Pisa is making up for Florence.

Not even Wieners could be nicer than the people at the Orto Botanico here. Prof. Longo is in Rome. An assistant who does not speak much more French than I do knew I was to come and wanted to see grasses. Shortly after I got started Signora Longo came in (they had evidently called her.) She could understand my written French and was ever so nice. She did not speak much French either. By way of apology I said I had had to speak German for several weeks and it had driven French out of my head. Soon after that came Prof. Puccinni (if I have his name right) and began to speak German--oh, but it sounded good. (I recall what you said of how good German sounded to you after you got back to Germany from Russia.) I had shown them all my copy of Raddi but it meant nothing of them. Prof. Puccinni exclaimed that it was "sehr selten," and then he discovered Prof. Caruel's writing and that our copy had been Caruel's. He got quite excited over it and showed the others, who were impressed with Caruel when they hadn't been with Raddi. I didn't let on I'd never heard of Caruel. Prof. Puccinni understood at once what I was

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after. They let me work till six. I have things ready to photograph in the morning and leave for Geneva tomorrow night. Raddi's specimens are unusually good but not a word of data! Only "*Olyra pubescens nob.*" zum Beispiel. I haven't found quite all but hope I shall. Raddi's are not kept apart and the way things are referred would make your hair stand on end. The attendant couldn't find Pariana--they did not invite me into the herbarium (possibly it is a store room) and genus numbers are not according to Engler and Prantl so I can't help him. I was so nervous after working at Florence I dreaded coming here, so it was blessed relief. I said we would be glad to send them American grasses, but no one seemed to care about American grasses.----This morning, Sunday, I visited the cathedral, campanile, baptistry and "campo santo." That leaning campanile is a wonder. It would be exquisitely lovely if it wasn't out of plumb. When I entered (fee 1 lire) I staggered around before I could get my balance. It gives one the queerest sensation, akin to seasickness. The subconscious brain (in the spinal cord, is it?) wouldn't be convinced that the thing was not going over. My head was not in the least scared, but my knees were trembling shamefully when I reached the top. The view was glorious. I think I saw the sea to the west, but it was misty and I wasn't sure. They were ringing the bells. Four work, two together, turn about, and pull like fury. They ended by ringing two smaller bells of different notes in unison, then the smallest bell (only about 3½ feet) a short time. One of the riggers told something about the bells but I could not understand. He played the scale by striking the bells with a monkey wrench. --The cathedral here answered to my preconceived ideas of a mediaeval cathedral. The one at Florence didn't. There is endless inlaid work of marble of different colors, in designs like old-fashioned bedquilts, and fine intricate carving, both extending far beyond where anyone could see clearly. It is so evidently a work of

love or devotion--not for man's limited eyesight. I did not get that impression at Florence. The conventional piety and affectation of the "old masters" seems to permeate the cathedral and everything in Florence. The pictures here are not so "Florentine" either. Coming out of the cathedral I was approached by the most picturesque and dirty monk I had yet seen, one of a begging order, I suppose. He was hung with all manner of beads and cords and images, and he had the most ingratiating smile, like a polite bandit--which indeed he was. I gave him a copper. The baptistry is just a big rotunda. It is all wonderful inlaid work of marble--inlaid is not the right term, it looks like inlaid wood, but it is tiny pieces of marble cut perfectly true and put together without the cement showing as it does in mosaic--the mosaic of the Congressional Library, for example.--In the Campo Santo, which Baedeker says was built on 53 shiploads of earth brought from Jerusalem, are mural paintings that would make your hair stand on end. The center one I take to be the day of judgment. There are rows and rows of shaven heads with monk's habits, bishops with mitres on, and women with wimples, also a sprinkling of kings and queens, to the right hand of the throne with angels acting as ushers, apparently. On the left hand are "knights and beautiful ladies," as it says in "Aucassin and Nicolette," a few kings, and great masses of frightened people being sent to perdition, angels megaphoning their sentences through big trumpets. The next scene (to the left) is evidently hell with an enormous devil in the middle and poor souls undergoing every form of torture imaginable. How a man could have painted such a thing and not have gone crazy is incomprehensible--most likely he was crazy. With the exception of that one little group of "blessed," all the pictures are horrors, "death" in the form of hideous creatures,

snatching babies from their mothers, grabbing men from horses and acting like the "devil" generally. Fortunately the paintings are crude enough to be funny. All this depicting of agony it seems to me has had entirely the opposite effect to that intended. When I saw all the wayside crucifixes in Austria, all the martyrdoms in the cathedrals and art galleries it seemed to me if the people took this suffering seriously they would go crazy. In unconscious self-defense they become callous to it. The priests try to stir them with more and more agony and they become more and more callous.-----Among the busts in Campo Santo (which I should explain is the Westminster Abbey of Pisa) I saw that of Prof. Gaspar Savi, who secured the Raddi grasses for Pisa, that of Cavour. On the wall at one end hang the chains of the port of Pisa, two groups of them, the links about 15 to 20 inches long. I wonder what they did with such chains at a port. It couldn't be to tie up vessels, such chains would sink them. * Pisa is 6 miles from the mouth of the Arno--I did not see any boats in the river. I saw what I think must be the tomb of Dante. I copied the legend: "L'alto arrigo ch'a drizzare Italia verra in prima ch'ella sia disposta--Paradiso XXX." It is by order of Emperor Henri, as near as I could make out. (I forgot to say that in the cathedral I saw the immense chandelier that disclosed to Galileo the law of the swinging of the pendulum.) Near the campanile I collected *Festuca uniglumis*. I had been seeing a little annual *Festuca* all the way from Florence to Pisa, but could not guess it. I wonder it has not come to U. S., it is so abundant. *Bromus rigidus* is very common here. In the ground in the center of Campo Santo (it is built like an enormous cloister ~~fermin--enclosing~~ forming a frame around an interesting weedy garden) there were all the introduced grasses we have, nearly, except those named for Italy, *Lolium italicum* (here it is all perenne) and *Chaetochloa italica*. There were two *Carices* unlike any

* Dr. Winston says they were stretched across the river at night to catch the fish.

There were 2 Caricatures

I ever saw. I did not collect anything but this little dry Festuca which takes up no room.-----I could not resist entering a little marble shop near the campanile. They have all sorts of lovely vases and boxes, as well as numberless statuettes and models of the campanile. After having determined to buy nothing more in Europe I came out with two little vases and two ~~the~~ bowls for flowers. They will be heavy to carry, but they are so lovely, I have to turn now every few minutes and look at them. These people have taste. There was very little that was ornate or tawdry, as most of the things in Florence were. Pisa is the center of the marble industry. The city works for its living, it is not a saprophyte living on the dead like Florence. The vases, including the luxus tax, were about \$5. I shall keep one and use the others for gifts.----- This afternoon I have been putting Mez species on those blanks I brought for use if needed. It takes too long to hunt Mez up in the publications, even though I have pages marked. I guess I told you I got several of Mez types in Munich. I fear I shall never again be able to laugh at your system of numbering, for mine is getting exceedingly complex. I numbered all ahead. But like nomenclatorial rules there are always cases unprovided for. (There is a mosquito bothering me. I am all lumps from last night's mosquitoes.)----- Later.--I went out for a walk along the river to get warmed up and then had dinner. Dinner is a slow process in Italy. Coming back from my walk I saw on the other side a sort of built-up arm of the river and an enormous wheel up under an arch spanning it. I found a slab that said something about its being erected by Ferdinand 3rd duke-- "ducis tertia"--for the merchants of Pisa. Its Roman numerals were not like ours but I made it out as 1603. It was a slip for ships to unload and the big wheel is an ancient derrick. There are series of steps running down beside the wall to the water's edge. It gave

me a mental picture of the old Pisa a busy seaport--wasn't Pisa one of the rivals of Genoa? The river runs between great walls, as it does at Florence; In letters a foot high on the river face of the wall was an election slogan, the election date a few days hence. I could not read it all but there was something about "Vote for so and so and the republic!" Evidently these benighted Italians don't know enough to send to jail those that desire a different form of government, as we do. This city is not quite so full of soldiers as was Florence, but there are plenty. And they are everywhere along the line all the way up to Brenner. With so large a proportion of the men soldiers or priests of various species I don't see how Italy gets any work done. There were masses going on at two or more altars simultaneously when I was in the cathedral this morning. There are no pews of course (there were some benches in the cathedral at Florence) but a few chairs tucked away in corners. The few people coming to hear mass knelt around the altar rail where the mass was being said. In the body of the cathedral people strolled about--not all tourists for I saw a group of sisters (religious sisters) walking about like the others, except that they dipped into the holy water. I forgot to say that in my second journey into Italy, after the return to Kufstein, I saw the Appenines before it got dark. The little homes are built right into the rocky hills in a charming way. I wish our builders in Washington had an eye to beauty and built into our beautiful hills, instead of cutting them off as they are doing. -----Geneva, May 23

--As they say in reports to Dr. Britton, "I arrived in Geneva, went to a hotel, had a bath and had dinner." I was very much in need of both. There is running hot water here, the first I've struck in Europe, so I went the Brittonites one better, I washed my head, too, and my lace collar. Botanical Garden isn't open till 2, it is not yet 1. It was about 9:30 when I reached here, leaving Pisa Monday 8:40 p. m., traveling or waiting two nights and a day for a distance not greater than

from Washington to Pittsburg I estimate. There is no Cook office in Pisa. I asked at the hotel where they told me they were Cook's agents in Pisa. This is the route the man said was best--Pisa, Turin, stopping at every crossroads for several minutes to an hour, Modane, the French frontier which I can't find on my map. The man at Pisa told me I would reach Geneva the following afternoon, but when I waked in the morning and saw we had not reached Turin, I had my doubts. The train was not crowded that night and I could lie down all night. We reached Modane about 4:30 and left at 6 p.m. There was the usual scramble to get baggage examined--or a bit worse for there was a trainload of Italian laborers coming into France loaded with bags and bundles to knock one around with. When there is plenty of time between trains to do the thing without a jam they lock the door and won't examine trunks until shortly before train time. They did the same at Salzburg. It must be fun for the officials but it is pretty hard on the victims. There is no through train to Geneva, I had to change at Culoz. Between trains I walked out of town beside a lovely little rocky stream. I met two little boys whistling the Marseillaise and realized I was in France. I had a hair breadth escape from going past Culoz. I had been told that I changed at 1 am. I was dozing and waked, looked out of the window when the train stopped about 12:15. I saw Culoz on a sign (it isn't often you can see the name of the station) and gathered my baggage and rushed for the door--locked. By the time I found a door that could be opened, in another car, the train was moving. For once there was a station agent outside. I yelled "Geneve" and threw my baggage at him and jumped. He was worse scared than I was. What scares me is losing sight of my baggage. The train for Geneva came in at 6:39 a.m. It reminded me of hunting up Ashe's types localities in North Carolina.-----

7:10 p.m. Just got in from the Delessert Herb. Dr. Briquet is just as nice and kind as we are to visiting botanists--could I put it more strongly! ---To resume, after dinner. It is amazing how much I can eat after two days on next to nothing. I cashed as little Italian and French money as possible because I did not want any left over. Then I was afraid of not having enough for porters, etc., so I had a breakfast of coffee, bread and an orange for 1 lire in Italy, and a supper of of the same (minus the orange) at Modane for 80 centimes French. They can't sell through tickets and they can't tell how much the rest of the fare is going to cost--besides one pays for baggage separately and never knows what that will cost, so there isn't much to base an estimate on. I have a few useless lire left over and some French money I can use later. (I find that they have "done" me again, giving me local money, not good in Paris. I have two Grenoble francs.) I find that the price here, a little less than \$2 a day includes meals--I thought it was room only. I arranged to have lunch deducted. Dr. Briquet said I could work right through from 8 to 6:30.--- ---There is so much to tell and I am so tired (two nights out of bed and last night no sleep at all) I ought to go to bed. The DeCandolle herbarium has come to Delessert, also its library. The herb. is to be closed--that is, kept apart just as it is. The duplicate books are being catalogued to sell. Dr. Briquet said that now the Delessert library would be equal to that of the British Museum for botany. The DC herb is inaccessible, woe is me, for there are things I hoped to find in it. It is packed and awaiting the erection of an addition to the Delessert building, which I understand is to be begun soon.-----Saturday night.--I have found some Bosc and several Mez types. I guess I shall find Mez types sprinkled around in this way rather than at Königsberg. He borrowed from everywhere --the things come back named (every which way) but among them (some-

*(some are under other names) and collected by him or his assistants
listed under his name of species.*

Dr. Briquet esteems Mez at his true worth. He is very sore because Mez kept the Panicums 20 years and then sent them back showing damage from moisture. (I wondered why he did not demand their return. I saw herbarium mold pretty thick on some. I came across "Palisot hb" sheets and asked Dr. B about them. He says Beauvois's own herbarium is here. Glory be! The grasses are not arranged except generically, so I could take out the Beauv things. (Mez has the Panicaceae genera, even those he recognizes, all jumbled, Paspalum in Panicum, some of them, some Syntherisma in Panicum, some in Digitaria, and the like.) The grasses Mez had have not been rearranged since their return, they are just as Mez returned them. I want to get all Beauvois together to check up if possible. So often I've found a plant that I took to be type, but which lacked something, and wrote all about it and what it lacked only to come on one later with the required data, fixing its place as type. Beauvois specimens are a match for his book, they are little fragments, taken from other herbaria, I guess, and with little or no data.--I got the two Fedde Report we lacked from the library here and shall card the American species. Last night I read a paper by Dr. Briquet on the species question in French--that is why I did not finish this letter. There is so much to tell that I haven't time to write. I shall make memoranda so that I can tell you.---(From memo.:--The Boissier herbarium has gone to the University, instead of to the Delessert. Prof. Hackel told me that Chodat and Briquet are not on good terms, he implied that Chodat is not on good terms with anyone. Dr. B asked me where a certain work on Rafinesque by an American was published--he could not recall the name. Fitzpatrick? Yes. I told him we had a copy and I would look^{it} up. He had seen a copy once at the University library but the library was not accessible to him, that Dr. Chodat was very peculiar. I should think so! Not even Dr. Greene in his private animosities went so far as to forbid anyone to see his

library. And this is the University library that Chodat excludes Briquet from. I took down some other things Dr. B wanted me to look up for him. He can't get an answer out of Heller for one thing. ---The Hassler plants are here in Delessert, not yet belonging to the herbarium, but deposited here for safe keeping. Chodat and Hassler had a serious quarrel. That and the loss by the fire at the University of the earlier part of Hassler's herbarium has unhinged Hassler's mind, somewhat. He decided to return to Paraguay in the hope of recovering. Then he had an accident while traveling from which he has not altogether recovered. Dr. B seems pretty anxious about him. The Stuckert plants are here also, that is stored here. They are not mounted, but are on their collection sheets, with numbers but no labels. Stuckert has the field books, so there is no way of labeling the plants. Stuckert is an old man and Dr. Briquet is rather anxious lest he die and leave the plants in this fix.---I told you of reading Briquet on the species question--he lent me the paper apropos of a discussion which began by his comments on the North American Flora. He said that from the Flora one would think that all the species were clear cut in America, that there were no troublesome intermediates. I told him that you had made the same criticism. The plan of the work is so rigid that no place is provided for notes or discussion, that this was particularly unfortunate in the synonymy. Since you had taken over the grasses you had added comments where necessary. Dr. B talked about the Vienna and Brussels congresses. He is under the impression that American botanists, except those at Gray, are dominated by Dr. Britton. I said I thought that the younger ones and a good many of the older are no longer of the Britton party, as perhaps some of the more prominent ones were at the time of the congresses. He spoke of that Latin ruling in the Vienna code. I said I thought a good many Americans would concede that. He said Mr. Gov-

Ille said that no one in the Government was allowed to publish in Latin. I explained that he meant only things printed at the Government Printing Office, that I had published generic diagnoses in Latin and so had many others. He had thought it was most remarkable that "in a free country" and so on. (The "free country" part has come to be pretty much of a joke to thinking Americans, but I did not say so.) Dr. Briquet got very emphatic about these "elementary species" that are being published nowadays. He said that Dr. Wettstein had started it (with Hieracium?--I forget) and had been followed by Handel-Mazzetti with Taraxacum. Then some Scandinavian had gone Handel-Mazzetti several better, describing as many more and that H-M was mad about it, but it was his own fault. Dr. Briquet is a delightful man to listen to, very interesting and with just enough queer English to be charming. ---Dr. B would like us to send Festuca to Saint-Yves who is working on anatomy and wants correctly named material for sectioning. I have made a note of it. He told me of his meeting with St-Yves, who is commandant ~~ef~~ in the army. When Briquet arrived at a little village he found it had just been taken possession of by troops (this was in France, in the Maritime alpes, I guess, at least it was the Maritime Alpes Briquet mostly talked of.) He was taken to the commandant and when he gave his name was joyously welcomed by St-Yves and the next morning early he and St-Y, with orderlies to carry their collecting outfit, climbed the mountain, and they had a fine dinner up there with champagne.--Dr. Briquet talked some of the war--what a terrible shock the invasion of Belgium was. He said that "naturally" he was in sympathy with the Germans at first. When the news came of the attack on Belgium he did not believe it, he declared it was just war talk. He is an army officer and had

been mobilized with his regiment. ⁸⁶ It was four days before he was convinced that Germany had invaded Belgium. "Oh, I was awful prostrated," he said. The Swiss were in painful anxiety for the Germans could get into the country at Basle. The Swiss troops were concentrated there. He told of the work for the French refugees, train loads of them. His wife took part in the work, also. The women had baths prepared for the refugees. (I laughed inwardly--I had a mental picture of the Swiss meeting the poor things with soap and water. "From what I've seen of this country so far, I wonder they do not scrub us at the frontier--I never saw such beautiful cleanness in my life as here.") Dr. B said the poor French peasants were afraid their babies would be drowned, they were not used to such things. All the refugees were bathed, put into clean clothes and fed, then sent on into small villages. One day a baby somehow got left behind, unclaimed. They put the baby on the arm of a soldier and sent him through the cars calling "To whom the child?" and finally located the mother. He told of a girl who arrived with a broken leg. She had refused to get on the train, (they were being turned out by the Germans--preparatory to shelling the town, I suppose--and a soldier had thrown her on the train so roughly that somehow her leg was broken.) They filled the Geneva hospitals with the sick. Altogether the Swiss seem to me the finest thing in humanity I ever saw. The morning I got here so tired and dirty (I wonder they didn't scrub me) the loveliness of the place struck me as I came to the hotel from the station. It was so clean, it was a joy to behold after filthy, smelly Italy. But there was a feeling of something else that I took in in big breaths--it was a glorious day--I suddenly remembered that this blessed country had not been indulging in an orgy of murder. I guess that accounts for the healthy, sane atmosphere. Dr. Briquet said that Switzerland had lost 60 percent of her wealth by reason of the war, through foreign investments, loss of trade, etc.

but the blessed country has not lost her mind, like poor starving Austria and soldier-ridden France and Italy. The Swiss took care of German babies, too, and American soldiers. It does one's soul good to breathe the air of this blessed country. ----I found all the missing Hassler collections that are types of Hackel species. They were "unicum" and returned to Hassler. I did not have time to go over the Stuckert plants, without labels it would not have done much good, --I wish that we could borrow this whole herbarium and put it in order. There are priceless things here but impossible to get at any particular thing, because, though it is supposed to be arranged generically, the genera alphabetically, there is no guessing where things may be. There is so much here one could work a month. It is like looking for diamonds in an ash-heap, it would pay if one had the time. The things that Mez has had can never be straightened out except by an agrostologist. and nobody could do it as well as we would, with our type cards and our indexes, and the way we have things in mind. In so many cases Mez has given one name on the sheet and then published the species under another--the thing is like piled type, and quite hopeless for anyone not very familiar with grasses to straighten out the mess. I have made notes in the different herbaria so far of the names on the sheets of the specimens cited under new species with other names. -----May 23--I have bought the ticket for Berlin for Thursday, 6:40 a.m. I did not expect to be here so long, but it takes a long time hunting things as the herb. is here--the grass part, that is. Dr. Briquet is repeatedly apologetic about the grasses, though I assured him I appreciated the circumstances--ferns would fare as badly with agrostologists. He showed me the Bogaginaceae and Labiates, in beautiful order, and geographically arranged. I went through Aristida for *A. longispica*, but did not find it. I started to list all Beauvois specimens--that is the "Palisot hb" sheets, but found it would take too long. I am
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looking in nearly every genus I guess I guess he may have had. His specimens are equal to his book. I surmise that these are not the basis for his published work, but are the material he was getting together for the larger work giving species, which he mentions intending to prepare in the introduction to the Essai. Fortunately he did not perpetrate this. His specimens are little scraps, sometimes two or three mixed together. There is seldom any data other than "ex dono Jussieu." etc. I have found a few of real importance, but most answer no purpose, so I am hurrying through. Dr. B showed me Beauvois handwriting the first day so I can spot his things. He lent me a book with a biographical sketch of Beauvois which I read. His collections in U. S. were lost at sea, but he seems to have saved somehow, some of his African material, for I found the type species of his *Setaria* and *Oplismenus africanus*, Oware, coll. Beauv! It is not *O. Burmannii* as Stapf said it was. It is *hirtellus* or very close to it. I did not find *Ichnanthus panicoides* nor *Axonopus aureus*. But poor as the Beauvois herb. is it will add to the work Miss Miles is going to publish on his Essai.--What with the rough handling at frontiers--there are always two to a day's journey--the poor old trunk split along the bottom back edge and bulged out at one end. I was afraid to trust it with the precious camera, so I bought a trunk in Pisa, cost \$16. I've thought since I might possibly have had the old one mended--I feel lonesome for it, and things packed to better advantage than in this. Besides it was so easy to spot it with AGRISTOLOGY across the top. This is like half the trunks at every frontier. They pulled the handle off my leather satchel. I had a new one put on here.---I have seen Mt. Blanc (it did not show up till Saturday as I came back from the herb) and after supper I saw it from my window pink in the alpenglow. I have heard the nightingale! Altogether this place is simply heavenly. I had the whole day on the lake Sunday, taking the 6:45 boat and getting back about 7 p.m. Lac Lemán, they call it here. It was

a wonderful day and is going to be one of the "glorious days" I treasure and enjoy over and over again--like some days in Yellowstone Park, on the Lolo trail, in Yosemite, several in Porto Rico, Florida, North Carolina and elsewhere. The far end of Lac Lemán is in France again. I did not get off the boat because I had not brought my passport with me--I am about fed up with passport officials, anyway. The boat was there about an hour, about noon, and was all afternoon coming back. At the north end (the very end is turned over to the east) there is a wonderful view of the Dents de Midi, which Dr. Briquet said he esteems as one of the finest in Switzerland, and he has climbed every peak of it--pretty steep climbing, some of it must have been. The familiar picture of the chateau of Chillon shows the Dents de Midi in the background. One does not get that view from the lake. The chateau is on the left shore a long way west and south of the mountains. The picture must be taken from the shore south of the chateau. This grim looking building stretches along about 200 feet, I estimate, rising right out of the water. The beautiful stone boats, with sails tilted like the wings of a great bird are so romantic looking one would expect them to be carrying noble knights and beautiful ladies instead of stone for Geneva's buildings. The prevailing color of sky, water, and mountains was a pinkish-pearly opalescent blue. Mont Blanc was in view the greater part of the day.-----Last night, Monday, I had dinner with the Briquets, Mme B and four children. The oldest daughter is in England for six months to perfect her English. All but the youngest girl, about 16, speak English. They are a lovely family. Dr. Briquet is interested in prohibition. Everyone in Europe asks about that--it seems almost unbelievable to them. (I'm glad America is advanced in something--we are so very conservative in most ways.) Dr. B poured wine for me, and by way of

concession to an American filled the glass half full of water. I let it stand there, hoping to let it go at that, but Dr. B asked me if I did not like my wine. I said I had never had any. "Then it is about time you had!" he said emphatically. By way of politeness I tasted the sour stuff, and did not make a face, either. Treating the Wieners to bier and taking wine in Geneva, what sad wreck Europe makes of one's principles. But Dr. Briquet was satisfied with just one sip. He had noticed at the Vienna Congress that the American women with their husbands did not smoke--did we not smoke either? I said the men did very commonly, and society women to some extent, but not the vast majority of us. He is delightfully entertaining--told of their botanical club which meets the first Sunday of the new year at the top of the highest peak of the Jura mountains just west of Geneva (I think it is west, opposite direction to the lake, anyway) eat their dinner there and then sit down in the snow and scoot to the bottom. I recall that that was the way you descended the uppermost peak of Mt. Rainier. I heard the nightingale again in the Briquet garden.-----Charlottenburg, Deutschland, May 26.--When I reached Berlin this morning I was glad to get all the letters.-----"---- I wish I could have stayed the rest of this week in Geneva. I used so much time searching for Beauvois things. The last afternoon, about 3:30 I started on the pile of indets. A lot of excellent material, but I could only get it into genera, and not all that. I worked till 7:45 and had to leave all Andropogoneae in tribe only. I began at Festuceae, after throw- all into tribes. Dr. B came around about 6 and himself suggested that he might send this material to us to name. I said we would be very glad to do it for him. I wish he could ship the whole grass collection for us to put in order, no one here can do it, after what Mez has done to it. It has such precious material in it.-----I left Geneva at 6:50 yesterday morning and had a glorious morning through Switzerland. At Basle the Zoll or douane wasn't as bad as usual. The train was the cleanest I've ever been in. Oh, but the Swiss are clean. An Ameri-

can on the train said it looked to her as if some very orderly person had just been over the country cleaning it all up. That expresses it--only I guess they keep clean, and they don't throw things on the street. At Basle there was a transfer to another depot and a wait of about 2 hours, part of which time I spent consuming an enormous dinner--then had nothing more till breakfast at Fraulein Schneider's this morning about 9:30. At table with me at Basle (outdoors, as seems to be the custom everywhere in Europe) was an English woman. She asked if I wasn't from the "States," (my speech bewrayeth me). Asking where I had been, what I was doing, etc. (asking questions is not exclusively a Yankee characteristic) I told her of the suffering in Vienna. "I'm jolly glad of it," she said, and proceeded like a 100% patrioteer the world over. She had the rest of the conversation to herself, also her smokes, though she offered me one.----The German train was also clean, and it had a conductor. It was the first journey since the first from Paris on the Orient Express, where the train seemed to have some management. I was second class--it is so clean, I could have taken 3rd both in Switzerland and Germany. We got to Stuttgart just about dark, after 9 o'clock. The journey up the Rhine valley was beautiful. I saw a stork striding through a field and before I recovered from my amazement saw another standing over her nest poking in it with her bill, the nest on the ridge pole of a red tiled roof. It seemed like a German fairystory picture. I could not see anything of Heidelberg, the train seemed to run in and back out again, and it was getting dark, too. About midnight the conductor spouted a lot of German into the compartment where four of us were half asleep. I automatically handed out my ticket, but that wasn't it. There was another compartment ganz leer and if one of the Damen would mitkommen sie schlafen können und die andere Dame auch

werden Platz haben. This dame grabbed her things in a hurry (the other had a husband with her so I left her the platz) and the blessed conductor carried the satchels and led me to another car. Then he brought another woman, we each had a full seat to lie down on and I slept till morning. It is the first time I've seen a conductor in Europe do anything for anybody. I tipped him 20 marks this morning when he lifted off my satchels. The train was running northeast when I got up. The country reminded me of the dune region in Indiana. It looks as if much of the country was fixed dunes. The railway embankments for miles and miles are planted with lilacs. The trees were mostly pines (I think,--some kind of conifer). Dr. Schneider met me, though I had to speak to him before he knew me. He was looking to see me come from a first-class coach, he said. We had to wait some time to get my trunk and I got pretty nervous before it finally was found. We took a taxi with my baggage, trunk and all to Charlottenburg. (It cost about 40 cents!) We went through the Siegesallee, the way they do in the Berlitz books, and through the Tiergarten, also familiar from Berlitz--only there are no Tier in it--that is just a name, the zoo is out toward Dahlem. I have a big room with a desk in it. There were 2 New Republics on the table. I shall be glad to read some American news. I got to work about 11. Dr. Schneider introduced me to Dr. Diels and then I met Dr. Pilger. Everyone is as nice as can be. Here is a joke: Our herbarium and all in America, I guess, and in Vienna and Delessert (except grasses) are in Engler and Prantl sequence. Here they are in Bentham's--or Durand. But there is an index, so I can find things. I have a lot of Nees and Döll already. Things are in better order than anywhere I have been. Another joke: In *Danthonia indet* (I had the genus out for Döll's species) was a *Festuca livida*, marked *Danthonia* by Pilger! I do not think it is *Festuca*, I think *Hellera* will have to be resurrected. I marked it, of course. Mez has all *Calamagrostis* as *Eragrostis*. A small pile of *Erag.*

has just come back. It was nonsense for Dr. Diels to tell you he had no control over Mez. He need not send him these collections. Dr. Pilger lifted his shoulders and spread his hands in a gesture of despair when he said the Paniceae was just as Mez had returned them. Mez has an understudy, I see. Leersia is being done by some one with a Polish name from "Kgsbrg" (Königsberg), so I take it he is another Mez disciple like Lecke. Here Mez is training agrostologists in his dreadful ways and we don't have a chance to train anyone in the type method and teach 'em to verify, verify, verify. The Ekman grasses are here from Stockholm. They are beautiful specimens and those puzzling Ichnanthus species are very different from anything we have in the U.S. herb. I asked Dr. Diels and Dr. Pilger if I would be likely to find Mez types at Königsberg. I have been thinking ever since I came across his tracks in Wien that Mez script in various herbaria is all there is by way of Mez types. Dr. Diels thinks Mez has no herb., that he has finished Paniceae and returned the specimens. Pilger (later) when asked said the same. It would not be worth while to go to Königsberg for Calamagrostis and Eragrostis, for he has not yet published them. Pilger thinks I will find most of his types here. I hope so. It will save a lot of time and money to cut out Königsberg.----Another joke, on me this time: I told you the 9 francs for my room in Hotel de la Paix, Geneva, included meals, and I enjoyed the delicious cafe au lait and rolls and butter in my room mornings (no meals served in dining room till 8) and my dinners, thinking how good and how cheap. But I was mistaken; dinners were 9 francs each, and only 5:18 to the dollar!!!!!! The meals would have choked me if I had known what they cost me. So my subsistence of \$4 did not quite cover expenses. I could have taken meals at a cafe--however it all goes into experience. I'll be sure I under-

stand next time. Anyhow, I had hot water and mighty good meals. After the war countries Swiss prices seem very high. Swiss money has not depreciated. That ought to be a pacifist argument with people to whom slaughter of young men is of no consequence. -----May 31.--I received a letter from Dr. Hassler here, saying that he had left the set for U. S. with Chodat at the University. I am sending the letter after copying most of it to send to Dr. Briquet, because he was so anxious to know how Hassler is. I also send letters from Prof and Frau Hackel.--*Olyra sympodica* is *Raddia biformis*. There is a single fertile culm on the specimen here. Dell must have been "seeing things" when he wrote all that about the sympodium. And that misleading name will have to replace the apt one of *biformis*. I showed it to Pilger. He could not guess what Dell meant either. He said Dell's work on Fl. Bras. was not very good.--I am not finding all Mez types here, but I find a good many. I am making note of some of his worst mixtures. They may help us and others some time to straighten out his muddles. Dr. Schneider says Engler is responsible for sending the grasses to Mez. Poor Pilger looks pained at the mention of Mez. Mez is nothing short of a calamity--it will be endless work to straighten up the herbarium after him, to say nothing of his publication. Zum Beispiel: *Eriochloa pacifica* Mez is published with 6 specimens cited. I find 2 of these marked "pacifica" by Mez, 2 more "*Eriochloa Munro* Mez, nov. sp." and the others something else. Curtiss 3600* type of *E. debilis* Mez is so named in Mez script. A duplicate (exactly the same, I went back and compared) is named "*E. longifolia* Vas." in Mez script. Dr. Pilger thinks Mez must have had Petrograd grasses. I wish I could go on to Petrograd. You cleaned up Trinius there, but if Mez has had their rich material it will need another cleaning up. I hold my tongue about what I think of Mez's work, of course.-----Sunday evening Fraulein Schneider and I went to hear Margarethe (Faust). It was wonderfully fine, and cost me about 45 cents for both of us in the parquet.--I got lost in the subway

Saturday morning and it was 9:10 when I reached the herbarium. I leave immediately after breakfast and usually get there about 8:30. It takes about 45 minutes on the untergrund. In Wien Frau Schneider told me they did not make good coffee in Germany, that I would "not get coffee like this" there. (Her's was so weak and pale it was hard to imagine anything weaker, but this is, and not even canned milk to put in it. But I had sent milk through Central Relief to Frau Schneider--I suppose I was getting some of my own "relief." I eat with the family, Dr. Schneider and his sister, here. ----They make a national holiday season of Whitsen here--Pfungsten, they call it. Dr. Schneider says I shall have to stay away Saturday and Monday, but I am going to ask Dr. Diels if I can't work. Dr. Urban is away for a week. -----June 3-- I am sending data on the Schultes Mantissa that has always given us so much trouble. I hope I put the thing in proper form for a librarian. It took me a whole evening. I take off my hat to Miss Hiles' profession. I am going to have pp. 546--570 photographed--lots of Aristida changes of name in it. There is a photographer here, Fraulein Steudel, who does work for Dr. Schneider. She developed my films. I had not had any developed, because I would have had to wait a day or two in each place and I always have to spend more time than I expect anyway. (I don't see how you got so much done in so short a time when you were in Europe in 1907) To my joy (and I admit to my surprise) most of the negatives are really good. It rained and wouldn't stop in Munich and a few there were over-exposed (I was so afraid of under-exposure), but Fraulein Steudel is going to try to clear them. The Raddi plants are really good. I worked under difficulties at Pisa--in a narrow alcove (only place where I could get light) where I could not get my head far enough back from

the focusing plate to be sure of the focus. The Raddi plants are on the inside of folios, also, one leaf of which I had to bend back-- so I feel well pleased to find I got very good photos. I showed some of the Raddi to Dr. Pilger. He was delighted and asked if they might have prints. I am very glad to have them made--the full set. *Ichnanthus leiocarpus* is certainly *Navicularia lanata*. There is an immature specimen here just like Raddi's. This is as you disposed of it in your revision from description only. *Panicum condensatum* Raddi (a thing we could never guess because we had nothing like it) knocks out *Panicum Januarium* Mez--to my joy. In the herbarium Mez named it *P. fluminense-Mez*, but these specimens are cited under the publication of *P. Januarium*. In my notes on *condensatum* I had written "unlike anything we have." When I came to Mez's *P. Januarium* I recognized it, got out the film and verified my guess. The work goes slowly, what with Mez, Nees, Döll, Schrader, and odds and ends of others to be on the lookout for. Mez/^{written}names so often do not agree with his published names,--z.B.: specimens cited under *P. missionum*, are named, some *helobium*, some *Niederleinii*. They are distributed under Mez names as written and have not been checked up by his publications. They will have a sweet time of it if they ever start to straighten things out. Not all Mez is here. I guess one would have to search all Europe,--Lubeck and Breslau, Pilger mentioned. Döll's herb. is at Karlsruhe. I suppose that is where all his Spruce types are. Those^(Spruce) I have found so far, Wien, Munich and here, have no Döll script. I got more Döll in Wien than anywhere else so far,----I have bought the Fedde Repert. issues we need from Fedde selbst. He sold me the volume for \$2 "für Sie hier," he explained. Its price sent to America is \$8 (because 60% of selling price goes for reparation fund). I also bought Mez's latest and worst Schrecklichkeit. Wait till you see it --you will say "For the love of Pete!" That was also "\$2 für Sie." I paid him \$10 in American

money and ordered separates of all future papers on Gramineae. Fedde will send them direct. He promised to send separates of the Mezsohen "Archives" if he can get Mez to have them gedruckt. (The Mez Archives is a new botanical serial lithographed from type-written mss. In it Mez and his students are publishing all sorts of things there is no place for in the current botanical journals, I judge. There is a revision of Oryzeae and one of Arundinella by students--very Mez'schen in quality.) Fedde speaks only German and very rapidly--I may not have understood all correctly. Prof. Dr. Hauptmann Fedde is comically like the wartime newspaper concept of the blond boche. He was in the crumpled long white linen shirt (or smock) most of the week in here and was without a collar, but he looked military even then. I had a vision of Hauptkommandant Fedde editing his Repertorium in the trenches. You remember that the war numbers--"Kriegesnummer"--used to be dated from the trenches and signed by his increasingly important military titles until they reached Hauptkommandant.----I am going to have Fraulein Stendel photograph the types here, it will save a lot of time for me. To be ready to use the camera again myself I have bought some rubbers for the feet of your tripod. That thing will not stand on the tile or polished floors they have in Europe. I have had to rig up boxes and books on chairs or table and feared the thing would joggle. Today I bought two good-sized rubber sponges and cut them in two, (1 to lose). I shall stick the sharp feet of the tripod into these rubbers clear to the floor to avoid a rubber-tire effect. The rubber, I hope, will keep the feet from slipping. I have not tried to photograph specimens unless they were pretty good. The Beauvois plants (except the Setaria and Oplismenus types, which happen to be good) would not have shown anything. Films can not be had in Deutschland, Dr. Schneider says,

And I can't carry plates, so I am selecting things to photo. If I can get a representative piece I do not photo, but I am photographing Olyra, Pariana and such large leaved things. -----I am up against an enforced holiday, Pfingsten. The Museum is closed from noon today (Saturday) till Wednesday morning. I asked Dr. Diels if I could work, but "the building will not be open." As I was leaving the last minute today I said to the Pfortner (in Deutsch, of course) "And I can't come again till Mittwoch?" He said I could come tomorrow (Sunday) from 8 till 2--some one of the big guns is going to work, I suppose, in spite of the holiday, so this popgun will too. ----I was amused at an evidence of the feeling toward the republic. Fraulein Unruh, the herb. assistant, said, when I spoke regretfully of my enforced holiday, that the Arbeiter had to have their holiday--under the republic the arbeiter had their way--there was scorn in her voice. "Oh, they did not keep Pfingsten before the revolution?" almost wishing for a temporary restoration of the monarchy. "Oh, yes, it had always been a holiday." I kept my face straight. I think they are an unreconstructed lot around here. There is a picture of Hintenberg or someone that looks like him in the room with the duplicates, and some officer's picture in the library. I surmise they love the republic about as much as the south loved the union for a generation after they were compelled to stay in it.----I want to check up things and list new species I had not seen when I left Washington, so I can work a good bit here in my room during the holiday. ---Dr. Perkins, who returned from Zurich a few days ago and has been unpacking her Jamaica collections, asked me to dinner tomorrow at 2. She is very interesting. She does not look well, is much thinner (she could afford to be that--she is still much heavier than I'd ever want to be) and her skin has an unhealthy yellow cast. She lives not very far from the Garden.---In my enforced half-holiday I went down to Cook's agents--closed till 3 Uhr. With time to waste I hunted up the American consulate, getting

to the embassy first by mistake. While the German-speaking flunky was telling me where the consulate was a man in the corridor asked me in English what I wanted. I said I was an American and was supposed to register at the consulate. He told me how to find it, and then said "This is the embassy--I know, because I'm the ambassador." Who is our ambassador to Germany? His job hasn't swelled his head, anyway. (Later--I learn he is Mr. Houghton, and that he made some 100%ers mad because he said to the Germans in his first speech to them that Germany and the U.S. had a hundred years of peace to remember and could afford to forget the four years of misunderstanding and war. Bless his heart--glad I met him.) I found the consulate closed because of Pfingsten, so I shall have to go without registering. I strolled through a park border, looked in windows and otherwise wasted $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour. A newsdealer near Cook's had the Nation for May 24. Didn't I buy it quick! And then 3 o'clock came in a jump.--Cook's agents (and most of my loitering) is on the famous Unter den Linden. The lindens are not very thrifty looking. Old ones have been replaced, so that they are not of uniform size. The street is not so beautiful as its continuation west of the Grosse Sterne, when it is no longer Unter den Linden, but runs through the Tier Garten. Bismarckstrasse, where I live, is a continuation of that. --I cashed \$20, 5 in German money, \$15 in American. For the \$5 I got 1300 marks. I pay Fraulein Schneider in American money, Fedde also, and Fraulein Steudel wants American, too.-----Thursday evening Dr. Pilger took me through the Botanic Garden. We were there from 5 to 7, and did not see all. I wish we had a botanic garden. It surprised me to see so many things that would not live in Chicago growing here so much farther north. I saw the "mountains" that amused you when you were here. They have alpine species growing on them, so they must have made the plants think they were mountains. There is a

large American arboretum, with good-sized Engleman spruces, fine trees of *Pinus Strobus* and other things. Dr. Pilger took me to his home in a house in the garden. Dr. Engler (retired) lives downstairs and the Pilgers up. Frau P is ever so nice, and there are two fine children, a boy, 11, and a girl younger. Like Dr. Zahlbruckner and Dr. Briquet Dr. Pilger after dinner asked me if I would have a cigarette. It always sounds like a joke when I say, "Thank you, I don't smoke." But I keep the joke to myself. I got Dr. Pilger to talking of his South American Reise and it was very interesting. He can speak very good English but he speaks German nearly all the time.-----With all this time lost I shall have to be here all next week. -----Glad to get letters. Yes, I guess my idea of getting some reimbursement for Wien for all the things I got is not practicable. That \$100 I paid for the big folio Max. Reise books will help a lot, so I feel better. I It really does stir one's feelings to see the conditions under which they keep on working in Wien. Thanks for sending Bull. 772. I must tell you what Dr. Pilger said of the drawings in 772.--I'll tell it in English--He said they were the best grass drawings he had ever seen. They are like living plants, not herbarium exemplaren. Those they knew in Europe, like *Dactylis glomerata*, are ganz natuerlich. I wrote that to Mrs. Gill that night. Pilger has made drawings himself, that is why, like myself, he can appreciate Mrs. Gill's work.-----Dr. Engler came to the grass alcove the other day and gave me some papers for you. He evidently translated nearly all your papers on Mexico and Hawaii--those that appeared in Scientific Monthly--judging from the length of the reviews. He said your botanische Reise papers were sehr Wichtig. Dr. Engler is not so corpulent as he was when he was in Washington in 1914.-----I am glad Macmillan will publish the Primer--you will appreciate how absorbed I've been when I tell you I had almost forgotten the primer. They can call it First Book if they like --though I like Primer better--please sign the contract for me, any

terms will satisfy me. -----I have found here many of Hackel's missing types--an everlasting lot of those sorghum varieties, subvarieties, etc. It is a relief to my mind. *Andropogon Cadinisi* is here.-----June 8.--I was startled by seeing a staring calendar with that date this morning. I am working as fast as possible, but I can't go Sunday as I planned to. There is so much here--I am getting heaps of tiny packets and notes. Having photos made by Dr Steudel will save lots of time. The book, (Schultes, *Mantissa*, the pages we need) is being photoed on glass. I asked Dr Steudel to preserve them so that other libraries can have prints made if they wish. I could not carry the plates back with me.-----Saturday evening Dr. Schneider took me for a walk. It was almost a Berlitz *Spaziergang durch Berlin* such as Herrn So and so took in the Berlitz book. The Tiergarten is a great big park. A little river runs through it and there is a lovely pond surrounded by *Rosacastaneae* (the literal 'horsechestnut') which Dr. S says is a hybrid between a red species and the European *Aesculus*. The flowers are the loveliest pink. The fallen ones on the surface of the pond together with the reflection of the trees in the water made a charming picture. I saw these pink horsechestnuts in Geneva, too, and they are abundant here in Berlin as street trees. I have not been much impressed with the statuary in Berlin but in the Tiergarten there is a wonderful bronze figure, the Amazon, a nude figure of a woman astride a horse. It does not in the least suggest warfare (there is no weapon--nothing but woman and horse) just a beautiful strong splendidly poised woman. It stands in a sort of opening in the forest; wherever it is viewed it has a wall of trees for background. That is much the finest piece of statuary I've seen anywhere here. The Sieges Allee--do you remember it? Isn't it an avenue of horrors--with all those strutting big guns up there with marble pigtailed and lace ruffled and some of them

pot-bellied as the statue of Boss Shepherd in front of the Municipal building in Washington. Dr. Schneider said he wished the Allies had sent an airplane and dropped a bomb on them. He expressed the same wish concerning a very ornate church built a few years ago by William the last. The old palace, built by the father of Frederick the Great (if I have it straight) is almost austere in its simplicity. The dignity and beauty of these older buildings, the National Galerie, Staats theater and others at this end of Unter den Linden are so different from what I expected German architecture to be. And except for this ornate church the newer buildings are simple and beautiful also. These old buildings are based on the Greek, like our treasury and patent office, but the newerr buildings, apartment houses and theaters are quite different in style but beautifully proportioned, dignified and handsome--with no fussiness at all. And I ^{had} supposed German architecture was represented by Sandlemann's awful house ~~here~~ where I live. I found that style at Potsdam where Fraulein Schneider and I went Monday. We went to a suburb and then took a little boat and were about two hours getting to Potsdam, running through a winding river and little lakes. Being a holiday the Berliners were out in millions. The water was swarming with them.--Again I have to laugh at the way we are always being told that American girls with their unconventionality must shock Europeans. Annette Kellerman bathing suits are frowned upon in America --it is the kind they all wear here, and they seemed to be having an awfully good time in them too. A week ago last Sunday there was a ~~Marathon~~ marathon race in Berlin. They started from Bismarckstrasse not far from here. I had seen the young men in their running trunks standing around the street. Some I noted had close caps on--well, when I went into the street I saw these caps were on girls, who were dressed just as the boys were. I admired their vitality as well as their lack of self consciousness, for I was chilly with all my clothes and a light

sweater on.--The views from the little boat on the way to Potsdam were charming, I can see beauty in flat country, you know. Reaching Potsdam the little boat doubled back its smokestack on a hinge and passed under the most be-ornamented bridge I ever saw. Potsdam, especially Sans Souci, is appallingly Rococo--amusement parks near our big cities are the only things approaching it, I imagine. The gardens, the buildings, and the numerous statues everywhere are all enough to drive one crazy. Since the late kaiser lived in such an environment I don't see how he could have had any sense--it is so pompous, ornate, artificial. It seemed as if the walks and rooms ought to be peopled with those caricatures of human beings of Queen Anne's time, in monstrous wigs and gorgeous flaring coats and overflowing with ruffles. That San Souci horror was built by the son of the man who built that severely plain, dignified palace on Unter den Linden. Thinking about it on the way home I wondered if this bad taste is German, after all. It is the sort of thing I had expected German architecture to be--not quite so bad, my imagination isn't strong enough for that--but the old buildings and the new are not at all like that. I do not keep dates in mind, and my history is pretty weak, but I think Frederick the Great was a great admirer of every thing French, and this awful residence and garden of his was very likely an imitation of the French Louis the whichth of his day. The new palace, the home of the once-royal family isn't so bad, but it is bad enough, not ornate, but it is pink, actually. Pink is a pretty color in some things, but certainly not for a building nearly as big as our Treasury. At a distance I thought it must be painted, but it isn't, it is pink stone, marble maybe, but if so it is not polished. There was a line of people waiting to enter--it did not appeal to me, so I did not see the inside. At San Souci we saw the art gallery, more Rubens, or copies of Rubens. Fraulein

Schneider thinks as much of Rubens as I do so we did not spend much time there. We went by the chapel where the late kaiserin is entombed. It is a shapely little Greek temple sort of structure, with a low dome for roof. Fraulein S said that the entire chapel was covered with flowers when the kaiserin's funeral took place--rich and poor, everyone sent offerings of flowers. Fraulein S seemed to think it quite touching, so I kept my thoughts to myself--all this honor and devotion to a woman whose service to the nation had been the production of 8 parasites for the German people to support. I asked Fraulein S if she thought the majority of the German people would like to have the kaiser back. She said, no, not Wilhelm, denn er hat fortgelaufen (if I have spelled it right, ran away.) But she said the Berliners had always had a Fuerst, coming to the city at frequent intervals--they wanted a Fuerst. She did not mention any person they wanted--I suppose they feel lost without someone to hurrah for. We had lunch at the Mülle restaurant. There is an old mill in the grounds, much the best looking building there--but astonishing out of keeping with the whole thing. The story is that Frederick wanted to buy the mill and tear it down, to add the ground to his garden. The miller refused to sell. The king threatened to take it, and the miller answered if he did he would take the case before the court in Berlin, even the king could not break the law and go free. So the mill stands as a monument to the majesty of the law--as a monument to the splendid course of the miller, I'd say. The restaurant is the private property of the kaiser--is yet, so Fraulein S said. Tuesday we went to the National Gallery and saw more Rubens, but some fine pictures, also, especially the modern ones. We visited the palace also, which is now open to the public. People are conducted in small parties through the rooms, somewhat as they are at Mount Vernon. I could not understand all the guide said.

There are the loveliest polished floors I ever saw. They did not make us get into big carpet shoes as we did at Sam Souci in the art gallery there. There were endless cabinets with all sorts of precious things--not beautiful in themselves, but made of gold and jewels. In the throne room there was a vast baldichon offat gold angels and cupids defying the laws of gravitation by sticking to the ceiling. They were mixed up with sun bursts and garlands of flowers and fruits. The guide said this affair was made of solid silver, gold plated. He gave the weight--I'm not good at mental arithmetic, but it was about 2 tons, as I figured it out. I wondered why the Germans did not pull the thing down and use it for money to keep the mark from falling. All those gold caskets and things in the cabinets would yield a good bit of gold bullion, too, I should think. The jewels could be sold to American war-profiteers and pay for food. And I suppose the Germans would starve before they would touch this stuff. If it had any beauty I could appreciate their keeping it--but it has nothing to make it worth keeping, except that it is a symbol of prestige, as Veblen might say. And I suppose if the Germans did use this stuff and probably as much more at Potsdam, they would be called Bolschvic

-----After making disparaging remarks about Fedde what do you suppose he has done? He came marching in yesterday with a big pile of Repertoriums and shouted "Geschenk!" He had gone through his files from the beginning and taken out all issues with grass papers. He had said something about doing that and I had tried to say we had all to date, now that I had bought band 17. Either he did not understand or wanted to make the Geschenk anyway. He repeated "Geschenk für Sie!" I did not spoil it by telling him again we had them--I thanked him with all the German thank words I know. We probably need some, and it will be convenient to have them all together, from Band I down. Today, Dr. Schuster the lib-

rarian, gave me two grass reprints--we may have them, but I shall not
refuse anything. They are all so kindly, even big Hauptmann Fedde.
Dr. Pilger has been rejoicing over a ganz verschiedenes Art von Oleera
as he calls it. This morning he brought me a nice little specimen
of it. He does not know whether to accept Raddia or not. I did not
try to convince him, only pointed out our combination of characters.
This little thing is a Raddia. In a recent paper Pilger transfers
a Paspalum to Axonopus! He refers to a Beschreibung by your assist-
tant. I smile to myself as I recall how Fedde's awful slam on my
Genera Paniceae papers made me see stars, "umfangreichen nomencla-
torischen Veränderungen" do you remember? And here in Fedde's own
Repertorium ^{are} with lots of new species by Mez of these genera I res-
urrected, Mesosetum, Sacciolepis and the rest.-----Dr. Pilger says
the Ule herbarium is at Hamburg. Ule is dead. Berlin has a complete
set. He says they probably have duplicates. Hope we can get an ex-
change. I enclose addresses of director and assistant. ----After
saying that they would like to have prints of the Raddia specimens,
Dr. Pilger this morning said it would cost too much, that he would
select those most wanted. I told him we were having the prints made
for Berlin Herb. He was much pleased with the Freundlichkeit. A few
days after I came he was looking up some grasses and came across one
of the American Grasses distribution. He spoke appreciatively of the
fine set of schönes Exemplaren we are sending out. He is assistant
director, Dr. Perkins said. I had dinner with Dr. P. Sunday and stayed
till about 5. I fear she is having a rather distressing time of it--
mentally as well as physically. She came back to Berlin and every-
thing is so changed. They are lovely to her at the herbarium--she
said that repeatedly--but Berlin used to be so prosperous and the
people so good-natured and kindly. Now she sees want everywhere,
people bitter because Americans can afford champagne while they are
hungry. She is sick of hearing "It is cheap for Americans." She

is so evidently torn by conflicting feelings. The first day I saw her I walked to the car with her and she pitched into America--our science, our money-grabbing, our manners. I was amused and kept still. Finally she drew a long breath and said, "There, I feel better. I have to fight for America all the time. If they say Americans have pug noses I say I never saw a pug nose in America. It is a relief to see an American so I can abuse America a bit." She alternately berates and lauds the Germans, French and English. I think she was by no means a pacifist, but was a strong pro-Ally, that she expected great things from the "victory" and is terribly disillusioned. I can appreciate her feelings. I was as bitterly disillusioned when Americans did as they were told by a man who had won his election under false pretenses--and allowed him to draft our men. But my disillusion came five years ago, hers is still fresh. She was in France all winter, and I judge felt herself "prayer" as much there as here. She says the French do not like the Americans. She feels as I do, that Switzerland is a little heaven in the middle of these bitter and war-worn peoples. She gave me a lot of warning about not letting people "do" me. Certainly no one is doing me here. Fraulein Schneider will only take a dollar a day for my board and room--I offered her more. Never having been here before I can't see the difference in the Germans that she sees. I said I found them very kindly--no one would suppose that I belong to a nation that was a chief factor in placing the Germans where they are today--not the defeat so much, as good sports I rather guess they can see that's all in the game, but the betrayal--their acceptance of the armistice on the "fourteen points" and then Wilson's denial of every one of those points. I think it is mighty polite of them not to remind me Woodrow Wilson. I did not say this to Dr. Perkins, she is torn enough already. She illustrated the fact that people never learn from experience. I spoke approvingly of Borah's efforts for re-

duction of armament. She emphatically disagreed--we need a big army and navy, we should be prepared for war. With the example before her eyes of the result of being prepared for war!-----I am getting lots of Mez types but not all. Dr. Schneider says that Engler is backing Mez. Dr. Perkins thinks Mez has some unknown pull. When Engler retired as director Mez was considered for successor, but they finally chose Dr. Diels. Dr. Pilger does not berate Mez as Dr. Zahlbruckner did, he only looks like a suffering martyr. My guess is that Germany is revenging herself on America--we all know from our newspapers that Germany is equal to any Schrecklichkeit.----Last night I went to hear Aida in the Staatsoper. I enjoyed it immensely. I had given Fraulein^{S/} the money to get two tickets (like Frau Schneider, she does such errands for me) but because they were sehr teuer she got but one--it was about 70 cents. She said she would meet me at the door after the opera to bring me home! I said she should not--I easily found my way back to the untergrund. The other operas we heard at the Deutsches operhaus in Charlottenburg, not far from here.---- June 12.--It is not clear from your letter, which I was glad to get, just what amused you in Hackel's remarks about my difficulty with the language and the "music" of my speech. It wasn't nice of him to give me away after my telling you how perfectly and fluently I spoke German. ---I hope they will allow me to get duplicates in Paris. Everyone tells me I shall have a hard time in Paris. Dr. Briquet says the herbarium is not in order and working hours are short. I hope they will let me work through noon, at least. I have done that everywhere but in Florence. I shall be careful to ask everything of Prof. Lecomte. I hope I shall not say German words when I am seeking French. I wrote you of my nerve-racking time in Italy. --I'm not "flitting very rapidly." Mez makes species faster than I can find them. I leave here tomorrow night. There is very little Doll here. You will have to visit Karlsruhe for

his when you come to Europe. I went through Willdenow Paspalums today and saw *P. parviflorum* from Porto Rico. It is the same as we have called that, so that uncertainty is settled. I should think the Pasp here must be the Flügge types. You did not find Pasp filiforme in Swartz herb., so it says in your "Types of Amer Grasses I have found 3 so named by Swartz, in Delessert, Berlin and Willd. (Great regard those old timers had for types!) All three are *P. leptocaulon* Nash. Isn't that tragic! If Swartz mentions wrinkles in his spikelets we can maintain the name for the species that has been called filiforme by everyone, if not I should think it would have to go on leptocaulon. (Later--I've looked up Swartz description and it fits this leptocaulon better than it does the so called filiforme--no mention of wrinkles, either.)---Dr Urban is back. I went in to see him. He was ever so nice and it freut him my Kennen zu lernen. (Hasn't he a wonderful beard!) He relieved my feelings by saying severe things about Mez. I thought I might find some Mez types in The Urban herb, but Dr. Urban says that Mez has not had his plants since we had them and that he wasn't going to get them--or the German equivalent. They are going to have a sweet time cleaning up after Mez in the herbaria he has borrowed. I have taken a lot of notes. Here is one of the funniest, for one patronized by Engler, the father of the Vienna code: Mez does not recognize *Hymenachne* and *Sacciolepis* as distinct; they are one genus to him as they were to some of the early authors (*Hymen amplexicaulis* and *Sac vilvoides* are one species to him in some cases.) But he used the name *Sacciolepis* Nash for the genus (has published several species under it) instead of *Hymenachne* Beauv., which has nearly 100 years priority if the two are congeneric! -----Thank-you-fer-sending-news-about-the-Primer-- I maintain a discreet silence about what I think of Mez. Fraulein Unruh the other day asked me what I said darüber (Mez's

work) I answered "Ich sagte nichts, denn es ist besser nichts zu sagen." -----Thank you for sending news about the Primer. If Primer won't answer, I should like First Book, which means the same thing. I like Primer, but no one else does, so I suppose there is something the matter with it.-----I am writing Cook's London office to cancel my June 29 sailing and give me July 13. I could work here to advantage several days more, but I have got to cut out a lot of South American things, not Paniceae, I would like to see. I intended to pack tonight, but Freulein Schneider came in for nearly an hour--I'll go to bed and pack by daylight from 4 am. or so.*****-Leiden, Holland June 16.--Dr. Henrard met me at the train. I am staying at Leiden with Miss Cool, herbarium assistant, not very far from the herb. Dr H sticks tighter than a bur. He is so eager to talk grasses and get any ideas I may have. He reminds me of the way I rushed you with my grasses the first winter I was in Washington. He is young (later--he mentioned that he is 42, not so young as I thought), linear-elongate in build. He talks like lightning, English, German, French, all in the same sentence at times. If he does not know the word he wants he makes one--he spoke of specimens for "comparation" (comparison). It keeps me on the alert to understand. He showed me "bildings" he is making of his new species (drawings, from das Bild). I understand most of his words. I think he is going to do really fine work on grasses. He has a passion for accuracy and in spite of the scant material here he has very clear ideas. He showed me the list of grasses he sent you. We are going to get the Herzog grasses. Herzog told me the remaining set was to go to Briquet, but Henrard says that when first turned over to him, the first set of duplicate grasses was designated for Hitchcock. Henrard has written Herzog that they must go to you. I told him we would pay postage--that cost, at the present value of the mark, may have had something to do with Herzog's change. I think we can get dup-

licates of Balansa's grasses. Of many there are two or three sheets of the same collection. I have seen and got bits of all the Balansa numbers cited by Mez which I had not found already. Dr. H promises full sheets of some. I hope you will consider the question of depositing a set of American Grasses here. Your idea was that the various herbaria could straighten out their American grasses by aid of this carefully studied material. In no herb that I have seen so far has this been done. They have just been distributed and that is all. In Delessert they are tied in separate bundles, mounted, but not distributed, nor sorted by numbers for reference. (Continued at Brussels June 19, there was no time to write at Leiden) --Henrard has been working on grasses for 15 years, and has collected all known from Holland. "There are so many curious forms in Holland" he says. I recalled your remark that there are always remarkable plants where there is a keen botanist. He had corresponded with Hackel before the war and kept it up during the war. Before the end of the war he was sending Dutch cheese and chocolate. In the summer of 1920 he and Dr. Codine, of the Univ. here, went to southern France to study Mediterranean plants. Prof. Hackel invited him to come to Attersee. The Hackels had told me of the delightful visit they had had. He was sehr lieb. He came with a great lot of provisions and they were "the guests of their guest." Henrard said he took down a great chest of grasses and that Prof. Hackel went over them with him. After two weeks there, botanizing in the mountains, he went to Vienna and then returned to the Hackels for two days. The last day Prof. Hackel got out an old soap box full of little packets of fragments of grasses, thinking Henrard might like to look them over. He was going to throw them away! There were a great many fragments of type sent by everybody--Vasey, Scribner, Munro, Stapf, Pilger, and lots of Hackel's own species, where he had returned the only specimen.

Henrard took them all. We went over them Sunday. Henrard has put them in good envelopes, labeled "original" when type or type collection, and has them arranged in drawers like cards. Prof. Backel's disregard of types is appalling. Henrard gave me a bit from several and says he will lend any we may want to study at any time. He told me of the time he had getting the box of precious packets through the custom house. I could appreciate it--it was probably even worse going through the custom houses in 1920 than it is now. He told the officials it was nothing but plants and would not interest them. He did not want the box opened lest some fall out. He was too obviously anxious to have the box passed unopened, so they opened it. He illustrated how he tried to surround the box with his coat during the examination lest the draft should blow some packets away. The examiner opened one after another and fished down in the box and finally disgustingly chalked it. I wish Henrard were an American. He has studied and collected since boyhood. He is a chemist and apothecary. He moved to the Haag a few years ago, in order to be nearer the Rijks herb.--he is from the Limberg region. Two years ago he was offered the position of custodian and accepted it with the stipulation that he be given two years on grasses alone. Some time before this he had been exploring among old bundles in the attic at the herbarium and found Balansa's own herbarium, given after his death to Leiden and forgotten. It has been a perfect gold mine to Henrard. He has got the whole grass collection of the herbarium identified and distributed. He teaches two days a week. He told me Saturday that he had told the director that he couldn't take his classes that week because he wanted to go over grasses with me. He knows so many in detail, he almost made me dizzy. He has been checking up Mez so far as the herb allowed. Mez asked the director for the Leiden grasses and I protested so strongly that they were not sent. I showed him some of my records of Mez's doings. We agreed perfectly in our estimate of Mez.

The herbarium is about $\frac{1}{2}$ the size of ours, I should think--larger (I refer to grasses only) than that of Munich-- There is very little from North America. I did not speak of the Dist of N Amer Grasses not knowing how you will decide. I feel confident that in a few years he will be the leading asrestologist of Europe. Grasses will pour into Leiden and I would like to put him very heavily in debt to U. S. He has two or three sheets of many Palansa numbers and is going to pick out a set for us. [Later-Dec.1922--Set of Amer Grasses the Hawaiian and British Guiana sets, and a full set of duplicates from misc. dupls. were sent to Henrard. He is immensely pleased, especially over the Aristidas I picked out for him.] He has a reverence for types, the first I've seen in Europe. He took me to his home Saturday night. They live over his drugstore. Since he leaves before 8 for Leiden and works there till six, I judge he runs his drugstore by proxy. His wife is ever so nice and he has two bright children, Jan and Tosa. We worked all Sunday on the type fragments and the plants he had at home for study--that is, all the time Vrouw Henrard wasn't feeding the family. After Germany with no milk for the coffee think of whipped cream and strawberries and really truly bread. In the evening we went over to the sea through the dunes. I saw ~~Arenaria~~ *Ammophila arenaria*--it does not look like ours. It is smaller and the leaves do not seem to turn over upside down like ours. I saw *Elymus arenarius* also, and *Phleum arenarium*, the latter about an inch tall in bloom. It stays light till all hours in these parts--it was galy getting dark when we got back at 10. The walk by the sea was thronged by promenaders. Lots of the girls and women, most, in fact, looked like pictures from the Geographic Magazine, with their various head dresses, their short tight sleeves and voluminous skirts almost touching the ground. They were the first long skirts I've seen in Europe except of those

of the priests in Austria and Italy. The women of Europe are as short-skirted as we are--all but these promenaders. Dr Henrard told me which fishing village or what station in society each group represented, indicated by their head gear. "reat scheme, isn't it. A great many had those round flat fasteners, like great buttons, at the sides of the face, such as shown in the well known picture of the queen in native costume, that picture called the Tulip-lady. The prevailing type is very blonde. Dr Henrard is about as dark as I am, but his wife is very fair, with pale flaxen hair and light blue eyes, and so is little Tosa.-----After the large buildings of Austria and Germany, when I got into Holland it looked as if the houses were ^{children's} play-houses, they seemed so small by contrast. It looked so cozy, and it was so good to see cattle again, cattle by the hundred. Their picturesqueness was spoiled somewhat by the overcoats they wore of canvas--but their pretty placid faces were good to see. There were no fences, the different pastures being "fenced" by ditches. The bridges from one to another seemed to be fixed like the crossings on our railroads to prevent cattle from crossing. Most of the ditches were full of water plants. In some men were dragging them and piling up the stuff, for fertilizer, I surmise. In about an hour we ran out of this fertile part, and I saw great stretches where there were stacks of "bricks" of brown mud, so it looked,--I guess it was peat. I saw men working taking it up, but they were too far from the train to see clearly how they did it. Then for two hours, about, we ran through land that looked like the barrenest of the pine barrens of northern Indiana. I wanted to get out and botanize. Then the canals began again. I changed cars at Utrecht, and got some dinner while I waited. The German here sounded more like my own, and very easy to understand. The Hollanders speak in the back of their mouths, as we do, instead of producing all sounds by the tip of the tongue, the teeth and lips,

as do all the people I've heard since I've landed in Europe. It sounded so good and natural, even though I did not know what they were saying. I had not realized how guttural is our speech.-----

Henrard said that our *Azolla caroliniana* was everywhere in their ditches--I had asked him what that red scum on the water was. He said that it had scared them at first, but it has done no harm.---

Leiden is the most charming place, with a branching canal running through the streets, with beautiful old trees beside it, reflected in the water. The children in their wooden shoes are so cunning. I said to Miss Cool that I wished that I had space in my trunk so that I could take home a pair of wooden shoes. At my place, at the last meal at her house, was a pair of wooden shoes about 3 inches long. I appreciated the compliment to my feet--especially seeing that I am from Chicago. Miss Cool is mycologist of the Rijks Herbarium. She has devised a formula, after years of experimenting, for a solution in which to preserve toadstools and flowering plants in their natural colors. She showed me jars and jars of toadstools and of black walnuts and such things that discolor the preservative, that were "canned" several years ago. The plants were their natural color and the solution was clear. Dr Henrard said that Dr Coker of North Carolina had offered her a position at the college at Chapel Hill, but she would not leave her own country. I told her I did not blame her, but she would find North Carolina very beautiful, too. I didn't tell her how far it is from being as clean as her country. The sidewalks are washed every morning as in Geneva and in Munich. Dr Coker seems to have spent some time at Leiden studying the Persoon herbarium. They both like him very much.-----On our long walk Sunday evening Henrard got to talking about the war. What he said was almost the same as what Dr Briquet had said. Their sympathy was naturally with Germany. They used German books in their schools, he said,

they were proud that they were of the same race. Henrard's distress when Germany invaded ~~Holland~~ ^{Belgium} was just what Dr Briquet had said of his. Henrard's was particularly acute because only a few weeks before he and some others were botanizing on the cliffs near Liege, and met a botanist who was professor at the University. He took them to his home and they used his herbarium to settle their puzzles. He said that the Germans allowed the Dutch to go in after the army to carry relief to the civilians. He went at once to Liege (after it had been taken by the Germans) and found this house where he had been entertained was burned down. He learned that the son had been killed, the wife killed at the door of her own home and the old professor was a prisoner in Germany. He tried to get word to him, but shortly learned that he had lived only a short time. Poor Henrard's horror was not like ours, only, there was the heart breaking feeling of its being done by the people he most admired--it was a moving tale told in his queer English. Apparently they do not "naturally" love the Belgians, but all their sympathy was at once given to them. Then he went on to say how ungrateful the Belgians were for all that the Dutch had done for them, they want to take away some of Holland--He is from the Limberg district, himself, that Belgium tried to get. After the invasion of Belgium, the Hollanders were never free of anxiety lest their country be invaded. They kept the army stationed along the frontier and were ready to flood the country any minute. He spoke bitterly of the Versailles treaty. He said that the men around the council table did not know as much geography as a child in primary school. "Nor as much about economics, either," I said. The madmen who decided on the invasion of Belgium are chiefly responsible for all that Germany and Austria ^{are} suffering today--I do not think we could have been forced into the war but for that--not that I think for a moment that we went in for anything but profit to our profiteers and money lenders--but the invasion of Belgium was what put America in a state

of mind that could be worked up to believe the bunk about the "war for democracy." One of the incomprehensible things to me is the attitude so common among us, especially, so it seems to me, among the "educated classes"; of indifference, even a lofty indifference (as if such matters were beneath them) to the doings of our executives, our diplomats and law makers, and of our army and navy. If the fate of Germany and Austria today does not make it plain how necessary it is to keep a close watch and a tight rein on our government, we are blind indeed.-----I went home with Hennard after supper Saturday night and stayed over Sunday night. ^{At Leiden} We worked from 8:30 till 12, then to avoid fuss about it I ate at noon (great waste of time). We followed Miss Cool, she went faster on her bicycle, and had lunch with her, then returned to work till about 6:30, when we all had supper. Then Hennard and I returned to the herbarium and worked by daylight till 9 or after. I wish we had daylight like that--though I wouldn't want to pay for it in short winter days. As we waited for my train to Brussels Monday morning Hennard said he had never had so good a time with grasses before in his life. Except Hackel he has never met anyone who works on grasses, and when he visited Hackel the poor man was in such a distressed frame of mind that he did not want to talk about grasses for any length of time. They spent more time at the piano. I was so amused at his account of his trying to get some sort of satisfaction out of Mez. You know how abundant are the errors we find in Mez's work, renaming *Pan. amplexicaule* Griseb., ^{folium} not someone else, when Grisebach's name was *amplexifolium* ^{caule} and valid, for example. I've records of dozens of cases of carelessness. When he cited two or more species, or even two genera! under a single species, or did some other dreadful thing Hennard would write him. "I write to him, Dr Mez, how can you say so and so. Then I

become a letter telling me all that the Germans are suffering. Then I write to him, but, Dr Mez, you have not answered me the question--and then I become no answer!" Henrard has mixed the English become with becomen. He repeatedly told me I would "become" certain specimens we want--he is going to take out the duplicates for us. Henrard is starting on a revisio of Aristida of the world. I told him I wished he could come to America for field work. I promised to get him a set of all the Aristidas we have in duplicate. Did I mention that I got several Steudel types at Leiden.----I left the Haag at 8:20 and reached h here at 12:40. An officer of the Armee de Salut^{Salvation Army} (the only army I have any respect for) took me to a streetcar and told me where to get off--he also told the conductor in French where to put me off. He had got on about Rotterdam--I was in third class carriage--and had opened conversation. He had been in the East Indies for some years and came back to go into the typhus regions during the war. He began talking about DeVries' work. Asked if we knew about it in America. I told him about half our graduate students in botany for ten years or more were working on Oenothera, thanks to DeVries--It was quantities of Oenothera in bloom (being a cloudy morning the flowers had not closed) that started the subject. He must have been a biologist before he joined the Salvation Army, I judge. A very good microscope that he had with him in Serbia had been stolen, he seemed to feel very bad over its loss. He asked a lot about our agricultural methods. I had seen a good many Salvation Army people in Switzerland, but had not seen any since till this nice man.-----The Botanical Garden is within 10 minutes walk from the Hotel Bristol, where I have a room for 8 francs a day (11.75 = \$1.) Dr De Wildemann was very polite and turned me over to the conservateur, M. Vermeesen. M. V was working late and allowed me to stay also, so I worked until 8. I am about half through Paspalum already. I've found more Dell writing here than anywhere else so far. I guess I

can go to Paris Wednesday night or Thursday morning. I hope to sail July 13. I haven't got an answer from Cook yet. I came to Brussels 3rd class, and shall go the same way to Paris. If I have to sail later than July 13 I shall have to go pretty carefully. Miss Perkins told me everything was frightfully high in Holland and Belgium. I don't think Miss Cool charged me more than what my keep cost her, and 8 francs is cheap for a room here. I shall write tonight for a room in Paris. Miss Perkins gave me several addresses. You'd think I was sixteen and had never been outside my dooryard the way *liebe* Dr. Perkins talked to me.....I hope I shall get some letters from you in Paris. Don't worry about my money supply--I have \$225, besides the 20 I have in Belgian money. I paid so much for all that photographing in Berlin, but those missing Schult. *Mantissa* pages are full of grasses.-----Paris. In the train at Gare Dorsay bound for Bazas, Friday, June 23.--I left Brussels Wednesday night and got to work at Paris herb at 9:15 next morning. Dr. Gagnepain is ever so nice and kind. He had a number of letters for me but none from you. I guess my list of addresses must have been mislaid. I left one, I am pretty sure--Wien, Berlin, Paris, London. ***-Everyone told me it was going to be very difficult to work at Paris herb, but I work in a room with the grass herbarium, with good light and table space. A tall man gets down the topmost bundles, the others I can reach by the movable stairs. I am reducing the stack of as yet unknown *Paspalums* some. One, *P. pauperculum* Fourn., is funny. It is a small tuft of *P. pubiflorum* mounted on top of a broken culm of *P. plicatum*. It puzzled me at first, then I peeked under the mounted tuft and found the free end. There are some surprises, too. The *Pasp fragile* Steud. is *Syntherisma*. (That stroke was caused by a Spanish senora three feet in diameter, who has taken the next seat.) I see my finish before morning.) I paid my respects to Dr. Lecomte. He was not there until after 2, then Dr. Gagnepain conducted me upstairs and downstairs to Dr. Lecomte's room. Dr. G had let me start to work in the

morning. I am taking Saturday on leave to visit Elise, my French orphan. I reach Bazas at 10 Saturday and leave Sunday evening, reaching Paris at 8 Monday morning, ready for work. That is what my anticipated week's leave in Paris is reduced to.--Resumed in train at Bordeaux after cafe complet in the buffet for fr.2.25, as much as it would cost in Washington for much better. I think the prices in France are just about equal to U. S. prices today. After Austria, Italy and Germany it seems awfully high. I struck a reasonable hotel in Paris, Hotel Pas de Calais. For a room, small but clean and a good bed, with petit déjeuner (tres petit) and dinner at night it is about \$2 a day. I gave up the room and left my baggage till Monday. I shall not have any anxiety about money now. I was a bit worried lest I'd have to pay \$4 a day or so. I hope I shall strike something reasonable in London. --Going.--Langan, where I wait an hour for train for Bazas. This is like traveling in North Carolina. I wrote you about a lot of things Henrard and I agreed about. I forgot the things we didn't. He said we had the wrong idea of Paspalum aureum H.B.K. The figure showed the spikelets immersed. I explained that HBK transferred Beauvois' Axonopus aureus (in which the spikelets are not immersed), that the name, therefore goes with the Beauvois species, regardless of what plant HBK had and described. It took some time to make it clear and he didn't agree then. But before I left I noted he was using my term "misapplication of" a name. His difficulty is that with aureus included in Paspalum he wants to apply the name as ^{do} HBK did and so well described and figured. I mentioned several other cases of misapplication. To my surprise he spoke of Pennisetum glaucum, and agrees that, though unfortunate, that must be the name for pearl millet. I am glad that paper of mine which took so much time, is not waste convincing a few--you recall Thellung's review, which said that unfortunate as it was, Frau Chase had shown conclusively etc.... The herbarium arrangement at Leiden is according to Kew Index, amended. Henrard has a copy cut and pasted in large ledger volumes so spaced as

to leave room for additions. He crosses out "~~so~~ and so" when he does not agree. The diener distributes according to this amended Kew. It strikes me as bunglesome, and the necessity of sticking to Kew genera in Andropogoneae, Paniceae, etc., a hampering restriction. I think it is a Rijks herbar ruling. I hope he will see the advisability of having it changed. The genera in each family are arranged alphabetically. Of course I did not criticise it--I recall Mr. Hubbard's frequent statements of what they did "up there" and Miss Kimball's of the Garden's arrangements and methods. Later I told him of our segregated, indexed types, and that the herb was arranged according to Hackel's genera in Engler & Prantl, a mss index based thereon being kept up to date, also that we have mss working keys to our U.S. species. He was much interested. He has had almost no acquaintance with systematic botanists. In Holland they all run to physiology, genetics, etc. In the University at Utrecht, when a student, he protested to the professor that he received no instruction in systematic botany. The professor told him it was of little importance, he could easily study that by himself. Hackel has been his great help and friend, though he never saw him till two years ago.-----Brussels herbarium isn't as large as I had expected, and I did not get so very much. Dr. Vermoesen let me work as long as he did, which was till nearly 7 two evenings. I don't recall that I told you much about Brussels. Henrard and Leiden so filled my mind. I spoke of the Martius herbarium that I had been told was at Brussels. Vermoesen told me that Dumortier (whose little Agrost Belge we have) was Belgian minister to Bavaria at the time Martius died. He communicated with his government and induced them to buy the herbarium from the University at Munich. I wish we had botanists for ambassadors! He showed me the marble bust of Dumortier at the end of the herbarium. Perhaps you remember it. I had a surprise there one morning. I was working with my grasses spread

across a long table when two men came up, the one speaking queer English evidently intending to seat the other at the table. I hastily gathered myself in to less space and glancing up saw the visitor was Dr. Perley Spalding. He did not recognize me. After the Belgian had gone I said how d' do, and he nearly fell over. I asked how he was getting on with understanding French. He said he couldn't understand it at all and couldn't make himself understood; and he went on to say he found he couldn't even understand English in England! That experience is still ahead of me. He is after the chestnut disease. One of the girls in the herbarium brought him the register to sign. His Washington, D.C. U.S.A. followed mine, and the girl made some amused comment to me, I smiled as if I understood.----Do you remember the garden in front of the herbarium building? Isn't it beautiful? I liked the statuary (mostly I don't), especially one large bronze of a woman carrying a heavy load. Except that glorious Amazon in the Tiergarten in Berlin I have seen none I like so much. There is a lovely little goose girl (bronze) on a par little corner park in Dahlem that was charming. Walking through the lovely garden after work on my way to the hotel I had a vision, one evening, of what it must have been during the war--arrogant officers strutting around as if they owned the place and the contemptuous Belgians forsaking their lovely garden to avoid meeting them. It is full of baby carriages now--nothing to indicate what it has been through. I loitered along some of the shop windows with displays of the loveliest lace, but I did not buy a thing.----- off for Bazas. -----Paris. Tuesday night. I found Elise a very lovely child and her mother and grandmother very fine people. Things are exceedingly primitive--cooking is done in a big fireplace. It is picturesque, but a great lot of work and wasted time. I went down with Elise's education chiefly in mind, but a few minutes after seeing her I concluded that a dentist was more important than education at present. She is a very pretty girl, all but her teeth, they would

be a disgrace for a grown person. I left some money to have her teeth put in order, and gave her a little talk in such French as I could manage on the necessity of using her toothbrush. Fortunately she had a toothache Sunday--it gave me opportunity to speak of what I wanted to as soon as I saw her, but hesitated for politeness sake, even an American godmother might have a little manners--but the toothache opened the subject. She kept reminding me of Kate Gary, except her mouth, she resembles her remarkably, the small oval face, same kind of a forehead and dark eyes. Bazas is the most antique thing I have seen. I felt as if I had stepped into the 13th or 14th century. The church is I don't know how many centuries old, the school, where I have arranged for Elise to go next year, is in an ancient castle. The mother Superior took us through the school Sunday morning before mass. It is like the top floor of the Smithsonian up a few steps and down a few steps, only more so. There is a most glorious outlook from one of the windows. In scope I imagine it is about like an old-time "Ladies seminary." Elise is an exceptionally intelligent child, I think; I wish she could have a modern education. That was my idea in writing to Brother Léon about her. He has written to Mme Balade in French for me. (He had written to Lecomte, also I learned, and by way of recommending me told him of my bonne coeur as evidenced by my having a French orphan. Dr. L asked about her.) Free education in France does not go beyond what we call grammar school--no free high school, no free colleges--but a conscript army and endless money for it and for perfect orgies of celebrating the "victoire." The French are worse than we are in their indifference to the welfare of the children they bring into the world. Since coming here to Paris I am not so sure Elise ought to come here to study in the Ecole pour Jeanne Femmes, or whatever it is, that Brother Leon had mentioned. Bazas is so heavenly and Paris so otherly, I did not say anything about the plan to Mme Balade. Elise's let-

ters have been so serious that I thought of her as old for her age, but she is very small for her age. She is just thirteen. I am going to send her through the Ecole Supérieur of the Ursulines here. It is only \$3 a month. What she will be able to learn to earn her living I do not know. If sewing were decently paid the problem would be solved for her needlework is beautiful. She showed me her first communion clothing, every stitch by herself, and it is as dainty as can be. These people are so different from Paris. Mme Balade had heard that the Austrians were suffering. She asked me about them. I told her of the hard winter with no heat at all, of the thin little children. She said "Ah, les pauvres." It made me love her--just such another as Frau Schneider, in her sympathy for the victims of the war, regardless of their nationality. If only these common people would take things into their own hands--they have infinitely more wisdom than presidents and prime ministers. I went to mass with Mme Balade and Elise in the great cathedral. There are no pews. Mme B brought two chairs from the side for us--Elise was with her class. In the middle of the mass an old woman came along and Mme B gave her a little money. I thought it was the offering and hastened to get out my purse but she motioned not to, and whispered it was for the chairs. The same potentate dressed in red velvet with his Napoleonic hat on his head that I had seen in the Madeleine was here. He preceded the priest carrying the Host, stepping aside at the altar rail, and he stood with his hat on all during the mass. When we got back the grandmother had dinner ready, a chicken. It made me feel they had squandered a lot on a feast for me. The grandmother (who speaks the local dialect) said with a charming deep courtesy as she called us to table, that it was something about l'honneur for me, I suppose. Bless her heart. I fell in love with her. Here is a joke. They had wine, of course, but there was a bottle of beer for me! The mother superior had told her that

Americans drank beer. I told her a great many Americans never drank either wine or beer, that I had never had. They regarded it as a peculiar custom. It made my hair stand on end to see the way Elise drank wine, but I concluded that her old grandmother had probably been drinking it all her life. It is astonishing what the human body can adjust itself to. I had an awful time trying to understand. I knew I would have, so I came prepared with pencils and a block of paper and we wrote to each other in French, when we failed to understand. The grandmother kept on beaming and talking as if I understood. Saturday afternoon we walked out into the country. The wheat was about ready to cut. They plant the wheat in rows, as we do corn, with a deep groove between. It looked very wasteful of space. There was a string of people that came to call on Mme balade that evening as we sat out on the back porch. I realized that I was distinguished for once in my life. They all wanted to know how old I was. When Mme B told them (she had asked me) they all expressed polite surprise. It reminded me of the community in the Guadeloupe mts of Western Texas, where they did the same thing. It was great day for Elise. I had taken her some little gifts and also a box of wandy. She took them all off to show her girl friends, and came back with not a piece gone from the box of candy! Then she asked me to take the first piece--but she had wanted to show it in all its glory, and think of showing it without giving any! Sunday morning we went to the public bath on the outskirts of the town, where there is a great spring. The country is as beautiful as Normandy. I had to leave before supper Sunday so Mme Balade put up some lunch for me--she started to put in all that was left of the chicken, but I dissuaded her. She came up to ^{Langdon} Berdeaux with me and returned on a late train. We walked out along the river Gironde and passed a religious procession. I am glad I went, both to see

the Balades and to see that all France is not like Paris. I must quit and go to bed, two all night journeys--three within 5 days, no sleepers, of course, has left me with sleep to make up. I recall asking you what you did evenings when you were in Europe. I planned to study language, have Berlitz lessons and do all sorts of things. Why there aren't any evenings--I have had to mend my stockings on the train.----- Continued.--Dr. Magnepain lets me work till 7, and I am shut out an hour at noon instead of two hours as I'd been told I'd be. I count on going to England next Saturday, using Sunday for the journey. The Lamarck, Michaux, and H.B.K. grasses I am examining before I begin to take photographs. This type hunting is sometimes more detective work than botany, like finding Hackel's types with labels pasted over the original ones, and Doll's erasing a combination he published and writing in another. His *Paspalum virgatum* var something I couldn't find, but later I found a *Pasp dilatatum* with that var name, and a collector's number I was carrying in mind. Close examination showed a name had been erased and "dilatatum" written over. All I could be sure of of the original was the loop of the *g* below the line, but it must be his var of *virgatum*. The species is *P. Larranagae*. Isn't it funny that Vasey did the same thing, made Larry a var of *virgatum*, when it is so obviously akin to *dilatatum*. I have finished the Paris herb *Paspalums* and went through *Aristida*, looking for *A. longispicata* Poir., but could not find it. I got some Fournier types of *Aristida* for you, though. I looked up some of Fournier's mysteries this afternoon. *Calamochloa* is a sure-enough genus--never saw anything like it. I think it must be nearest *Cottea* but it has an almost simple crowded little panicle. After doing *Paspalum* in Lamarck, Michaux and Franqueville herb. I'll use what time is left for Fournier and H. B. K. There are a lot of things I have not found as yet. I understand better what they meant by saying I'd have a hard time at Paris. I find other genera in *Paspalum* and *Panicum*

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